

Advent Review

AND SABBATH HERALD.

"HERE IS THE PATIENCE OF THE SAINTS: HERE ARE THEY THAT KEEP THE COMMANDMENTS OF GOD AND THE FAITH OF JESUS."—REV. 14:12.

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PLEASURE AND PAIN.

PLEASURE and pain walk hand in hand,
Each is the others poise;
The borders of the silent land
Are full of troubled noise.

While harvests yellow as the day
In plenteous billows roll,
Men go about in blank dismay,
Hungry of heart and soul.

Like chance-sown weeds they grow, and drift
On to the drowning main;
Oh, for a lever that would lift
Thought to a higher plane!

Sin is destructive: he is dead
Whose soul is lost to truth;
While virtue makes the hoary head
Bright with eternal youth.

There is a courage that partakes
Of cowardice, a high
And honest hearted fear that makes
The man afraid to lie.

When no low thoughts of self intrude,
Angels adjust our rights;
And love that seeks its selfish good,
Dies in its own delights.

How much we take—how little give—
Yet every life is meant
To help all lives; each man should live
For all men's betterment.

—Alice Cary.

Our Contributors.

A BIRTHDAY LETTER.

EDITOR REVIEW:

Dear Brother,—The 15th of last March was the seventy-eighth anniversary of my father's birthday. On that day I wrote him a letter of cheer, expressing my gratitude that God had graciously preserved his life so many years, and my hope that the heavenly inheritance might appear more and more bright to him as the scenes of this life draw nearer to their close. The following letter, dated March 25, is his response, and the thoughts presented are so grand and full of encouragement that I would be pleased to share the benefit of reading them with the readers of the REVIEW.

C. W. STONE.

My Dear Son: Yours of March 15 came duly to hand. Thanks. It was like the oasis of the desert. Its contents were the occasion of a more critical review of my past years, than perhaps otherwise might have been taken. True, comparatively, I have lived many years, and every advancing year has been, in many respects, a new experience.

I am an old man; I realize the fact more and

more as time passes. I am thankful that I measurably retain my mental faculties. Were I young again (which I have no very ardent desire to be), next to the salvation of my soul I would seek to obtain education. I would seek for that kind of knowledge especially that would be useful in a moral point of view. In every wakeful hour of life, from the cradle to the grave, all are receiving education of some kind,—good or bad.

I see but one reason why knowledge may not be pursued as well and as profitably in old age as in youth, and that is, inability to retain what is taken into the mind. But even this is not usually so great as to make study unprofitable. It may be objected that the aged have so little time left in which to use knowledge that its pursuit would hardly be worth the pains. But this objection is without force, if the right kind of knowledge be pursued. If that kind is sought which tends to open up the mind to know God, and Jesus Christ, whom God hath sent into the world to take away the sin thereof, the objection has no weight. Indeed, such knowledge is eternal life, and the present life is well spent in the attainment of it.

Solomon recommended the acquisition of knowledge above all other pursuits, and its attainment as the most valuable possession. The prophet says, "Then shall we know, if we follow on to know the Lord." Well, this is good doctrine to practice by here. It will be just as good for angels and glorified saints in Heaven. Inspiration promises a good inheritance to the people of God in the future. In what does it consist? It includes a glorious crown, a seat with Christ on his throne, a portion in the new earth, and pleasures forever, at the right hand of God. It includes the blessed privilege of being filled with righteousness, and seeing the face of God. But this is not all that is in reserve for the people of God. There is something beyond, and vastly more even than all this. Do you ask what it is? I answer, It is God himself. Jesus gave himself to die for man's redemption. God gives himself for redeemed man's portion. "The Lord is the portion of his people," is a promise many times repeated in the Bible.

Now do you wish to analyze the saints' inheritance? I know you would like to do so if you could. Well, suppose you try. Begin with the New Jerusalem. Enter into it as you see it by faith in the promise of God; separate it into parts; resolve it into first principles; describe the elements, and note them on paper as you proceed. What about the golden crown, the harp, the sea of glass, the beautiful clothing of the saints? Enter the most holy; analyze the mercy-seat, the ark of the testament, the law contained in the ark. Next step aside, and enter Eden restored. What about the river of life, the tree of life, its leaves, its fruit? Analyze the new earth. What are the elements of the dust of which man is composed? Can God organize matter so as to think and reason? Look up, and speak astronomically of the new heavens.

Methinks I hear you say, "I am but a child; I cannot speak of these things." Very well. Let us be thankful that we may be as much as that. We have only to desire the sincere milk of the word, and that will enable us to grow to the stature of manhood; and then we shall put away childish things, and begin to know as we are known.

I have only spoken of some of the works of

God as they will be in the future. These are comparatively a small part of what the saints will inherit. "The Lord is the portion of his people." This explains St. Paul's words: "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man the things that the Lord hath prepared for them that love him."

"Follow on to know the Lord." This will be the appropriate employment of glorified saints and angels in the kingdom of God. Millions of years employed in the display of the declarative and personal glory of the Creator, will diminish naught from the exhaustless source of pleasure and happiness.

Let it be borne in mind that the immensity of the works of God is equal to the immensity of his nature. Infinite space is the plat on which he lays the foundation of countless worlds. Has God created a planet as large as Jupiter every seven days since the creation of Adam, and caused them to be inhabited by intelligent beings? Has he surrounded them with their needful satellites, and by the power of attraction, fixed their nice balance with safety to the whole? Does he watch over these with the solicitude of a father over his children, and supply their daily needs? Has he so loved the work of his hands as to sacrifice the life of his only Son to redeem some wayward world that has diverged from the path of rectitude? Is he the Father of a Son so lovely and loving as such a Son must be?

Doubtless God has done all this, and more, during the period of this world's history. Yes; and his plat of ground on which to enlarge his works has not been diminished thereby. The infinite abyss of outer darkness still remains to be cheered by the light of new suns, and occupied by new worlds, to call forth new songs and shouts of praise from the sons of God.

Such a God of power, love, mercy, and truth, is our God; and he is the portion of his people. His unfoldings are infinite, and the gift of immortality will qualify his people to enjoy them. The old man, bowed with infirmity, with such a God for his portion, is just as well off as anybody, and far better off than the young men who are living without God, and without hope in the world. Had my life been spent with entire reference to this world, it seems to me that I should, in my declining years, be of all men most miserable.

"Why was I made to hear His voice,
And enter while there's room,
While thousands make a wretched choice,
And rather starve than come?"

Beset with infirmities, physical, mental, and moral, and striving to overcome my sins, I still cling to the blessed hope through Jesus Christ. In this hope I have lived; in this hope I choose to die.

But I must close this letter. My dear son, you are in the midst of life's duties and responsibilities. They may seem, at times, to press hard upon you. Let everything you do be done as unto the Lord. Make sure of the prize at the end of the race. Your affectionate father,

ALBERT STONE.

—Diversity in unity is what the gospel maintains. The world and philosophers pretend to equalize all things; the gospel gives latitude to differences—it does not fear the result. Without the prism, where would be the brightness of the sunlight?—Comte de Gasparin.

OUR "MOTHER EARTH."

BY ELIZA H. MORTON.

THE fragrant flowers breathe the name of One
Whose word is power. The twinkling stars shine forth
His praise. The babbling brooks with silvery tongues
Proclaim his love. The warbling birds with notes
Of joy bespeak a Saviour's tender care.
Creation sings a song of jubilee.
A hymn of gratitude to God. And thus
The natural world repeats what angels sang
Long, long, and long ago. The "Book of books"
Is filled with words of light and melody;
And human hearts are thrilled with story sweet
As music in its flow,—the story of
The cross, the wondrous cross of Calvary.

The curse of sin has marred the beauty fair
Of mother earth, and dimly shines the sun
That once with golden glory filled the world.
The anthem grand that rings o'er land and sea
Is but the echo of a voice that now
No longer speaks in trumpet tones to man,
As oft it spake in days of old; yet speaks
In accents soft and mild, and speaking thus
Is never heard by some; for noisy din
Of world's wild tumult fills the ear and leaves
No room for chords of love. The stream of time
Is near the ocean of eternity;
Yet few the danger see or know, for dross
Of earth has blinded many eyes. A note
Of warning, solemn in its awful sound,
Is floating in the air: "Prepare to meet
Thy God." Awake, arise, ye slumbering saints!
A crisis soon will come, a mighty test;
The Lord would know his own, the pure and blest,
And forth from out the mingled throng that tread
The hills and vales below, will gathered be
The jewels one and all, to shine for aye.

The future may be veiled; yet veil at times
Is lifted by an unscen hand, and God
Permits his saints to catch faint gleams of that
Which, coming, casts its brightness back
Along the ages,—King and kingdom fair,
And over all one everlasting day.
No tears, no pain, no partings sad, no death;
But joy abiding, full, and sweet, and peace
So perfect and so deep that naught can mar
Its blest serenity; a city walled
With jasper wall and paved with shining gold,
A multitude of beings clothed in white,
With harps of melody and crowns of light.
All this, and more, the future holds in store.
What more? A beauty that no pen can paint,
Tho' pen were dipped in rainbow's dazzling hues,
And is this all? Ah, no! there's bitter wee
For those who've lived, and, living, failed to win
The object great of life, aye, lived in sin.
And tho' that sin were buried deep in heart,
And covered o'er with garb of white till few
Its presence knew, the Lord of hosts will strip
From men their robes of dark deceit, and all
"Will know as they are known;" the purpose grand
Of King eternal will be seen in all
Its tender love; while Nature will awake
From long, long slumber deep, and don her robes
Of never-fading green. Bright amaranths
Will bud and bloom beside a river clear
As cloudless summer sky. The earth, released
From curse of sin, will triumph in the day
That ne'er will know a darksome night of woe.
The brightness of the sun will be increased
In splendor, until all its rays reflect
The light that fills the temple of our God.
The music sweet of warbling birds, and rills
That ripple as they flow, will be enhanced
By shouts and songs of victory.

O earth,

Rejoice; for soon thy cup of joy will be
Forever full. Awake; for soon thy days
Of gloom will be forever o'er. O ye
That dwell below, look up and praise the name
Of Him who out of chaos dark will bring
Most perfect harmony. Too vast for mind
Of mortal man to grasp is that which pen
Of prophets has foretold. We'll watch and wait,
And trust, and work, and pray, until our eyes
Behold the glad reality of all
The pen of inspiration has revealed.
Battle Creek, Mich.

DUTIES AND PRIVILEGES.

BY J. Q. FOY.

It was the Saviour who said, "It is more
blessed to give than to receive;" and however
much at variance such a sentiment may be with
our experience, we certainly should not hesitate
to accept it as truth, coming from the source it
does. There is a pleasure in receiving, and it is
right that there should be. When the gift is a
token of the esteem of the donor or of interest in
our welfare, it should in a special manner call
forth our gratitude, and be made a means of cul-
tivating that precious quality, that we may thus
receive the greatest possible good, much greater
than any gift, in itself considered, can afford.

Doubtless there are those whose experience

enables them to testify to the truthfulness of
these words of our Saviour, and such may be able
to convince others; but to really appreciate their
deep meaning, it is necessary to have a personal
experience in this direction. To be able to min-
ister comfort and consolation as well as more ma-
terial aid to those in distress,—to those whose
gratitude beams in their countenances, and breaks
forth in grateful utterances from their hearts,—is
indeed a satisfaction, and is perhaps sufficient
assurance of the truth of these words; but their
full import will perhaps only be realized when,
as the result of our noble deeds of charity and
self-denial, the mail-like coat of selfishness, which
by nature to a greater or less degree envelops
nearly every one, wearing thin, admits into our ex-
panding hearts the warming, invigorating influ-
ence of disinterested benevolence. When we can
realize that such is the effect upon ourselves of
our kindly acts; that in return for temporal
blessings bestowed upon the Lord's poor, and
through them upon the Lord himself, we receive
blessings that are as enduring as eternity, graces
that will qualify us for the Master's service here,
and for the society of the good and holy hereafter,
then do the truth and sublimity of these words
appear, and then can we feel, as never before, that
indeed "it is more blessed to give than to re-
ceive."

Golden opportunities are flitting by, all telling
us that the providence of God is over us, and
that his love in a thousand different ways, in
this as in others, is manifested toward us, while
we, talking of "duty" or "not our duty," may fail
to recognize in them rare privileges, which, if
wisely improved, would secure to us all those
precious graces which so beautifully adorn the
Christian's character, and which, for that reason,
are so essential.

LETTER TO A FRIEND.

BY PAUL E. GROS.

(Concluded.)

PAUL says, "The wages of sin is death." Rom.
6:23. And John defines sin to be "the trans-
gression of the law." 1 John 3:4. John says
again, "For this is the love of God, that we keep
his commandments." 1 John 5:3. Those who
obey his law are his children; while those who
do not obey it are sinners, and the wrath of God
abides upon them. The law here meant must be
the law which Christ came to fulfill, or obey, and
which it was his mission to exalt and make hon-
orable, not to abrogate. (Matt. 5; Isa. 42:21.)
It was not the law which was against us, and
was nailed to the cross,—a law which was a
"shadow of things to come," and "was added be-
cause of transgressions, till the seed should
come." These expressions refer to the same law,
as is evident from these words: "For the priest-
hood being changed, there is made of necessity a
change also of the law." "For the law maketh
men high priests, which have infirmity." Heb.
7:12, 28. The law here spoken of is the one
regulating the succession in the priesthood and
the work it performed; the law which enjoined
sacrifices and the keeping of new moons and of
sabbath days,—all figures of the work of the an-
titypical victim. It was the ceremonial law,
added because of sin, or transgressions; the shad-
ow of things to come, when Christ himself became
priest (Heb. 8:1, 2), and offered his blood (life)
for the transgressions of the law of God, placed,
by divine command, in the ark, upon which his
august presence was manifested, and the blood
of sacrifices (figure of things to come) was
sprinkled, in acknowledgment of the declaration
that without the shedding of blood there is no
remission of sins. (Heb. 8:7; 9:12, 22.)

It would be impossible not to see a vast differ-
ence between the two laws. One is the rule of
Heaven, and was the law of paradise; and its
transgression caused the destruction of the world
in Noah's days. (See Ps. 97:2; 119:172; Rev.
11:19; Heb. 9:4; 2 Pet. 2:5.) It prompts men
to love God supremely, and their neighbors as
they do themselves. (Deut. 6:5; Lev. 19:18;
Matt. 22:37-39.) To fear God and keep his law
is the whole duty of man. (Ecc. 12:13) On

these precepts hang all the law and the prophets;
and as Paul says in Gal. 3:19, the ceremonial law
was added because of transgressions of this law.
James calls it a mirror, a royal (or kingly) law, a
law of liberty, and he says that those who sin,
transgress it. (Chap 2:11.) He does not teach
that it justifies men, but that it points out their
sins; and those who would be free from them
must walk in the path of obedience. (James:
2:8, 9, 12; 1:23, 27.) Had a change in this
law been possible, it would have been effected to
save the life of the Son of God; but of it he
says, "Until heaven and earth pass, one jot or
one tittle shall in no wise pass from the law, till
all be fulfilled." Matt. 5:18. See also 1 Pet.
2:21; 22, 24. It was to be given into the hands
of the papacy for 1260 years (Dan. 7:25), when a
reformation should take place upon that subject
(Rev. 14; 12:17), as a preparation for the fulfill-
ment of the promise made to the fathers. (Isa.
58:12, 13, especially 14; Rev. 14 and 5:10;
20:9.)

The other law was added because of transgres-
sions, for the purpose of teaching faith in the
atoning blood of the dear Saviour, by giving line
upon line, precept upon precept, here a little and
there a little; that the believer might, through
the Spirit's influence upon the heart, be led to
render loving obedience to the moral law. Here
the purpose to restore man to his first estate is
very plain. Man had disobeyed the perfect and
immutable law; and to save him from the fatal
consequences, it became necessary to establish a
sanctuary service which would constantly remind
the sinner of the only remedy that would bring
him again into favor with God. (Heb. 10:1, 2.)
This service was a shadow of good things to
come, when the antitypical victim should be
slain, and the perfect priesthood established, as
Christ entered upon his priestly work in the
sanctuary above, offering his own precious blood
instead of the blood of rams and goats. And
this change in the service necessitated a change
in the law relating to the service,—the ceremon-
ial law. (Heb. 7:12.) The ceremonial law
was written by Moses (Deut. 31:24), was placed
in the side of the ark (verse 26), and was to last
till Christ, the antitype, should come. But the
ten words were written by God himself (Deut.
10:4, 5), were placed within the ark (verse 5),
and contained the name and moral likeness of the
Deity, while there was about them nothing of a
figurative character. (Deut. 12:5.) The divine
presence was and is necessarily connected with
the law of ten commandments. (Ex. 25:22.)

What are we to learn from all this? that the
moral law is abolished? "God forbid," says
Paul, "yea, we establish the law." Then what is
abolished?—Simply the type.

In regard to your perplexity as to the prob-
ably limited sense of the expression "all flesh," I
refer you to Ps. 37:27, 31, 39, 40. Here two
classes are brought to view: the righteous, who
have the law of God written in their hearts, and
the wicked, or transgressors of the law, who shall
be destroyed together. No third class is men-
tioned, and there is no contradiction in the writ-
ings of David, Paul, and John. (Notice here
Rev. 14:12; 22:14.)

I think, dear brother, that we are justified in
applying to the ten commandments the words of
our Lord in Matt. 5:17-19; for in the immedi-
ate connection he refers to the sixth, seventh,
and ninth commandments. He does not say
that these precepts are abrogated; but he teaches
that each has a broader meaning than any one
before him had ever given them. But coming
to the ceremonial law, he indicates its abrogation
by teaching that the statute which required an
eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth, should
not be obeyed among his disciples.

We are not left in doubt as to our obligation
to obey the law of God; for the apostle to the
Gentiles tells us, that "not the hearers of the
law are just before God, but the doers of the law
shall be justified." Rom. 2:13. (See also verses
12-15, 21, 22, 25-29.) Paul also tells us that
"he is a Jew which is one inwardly;" and he
proceeds to explain that "there is neither Jew
nor Greek; . . . for ye are all one in Christ
Jesus." Gal. 3:28. (See also Eph. 2:13-16,

19.) Again the light of truth drives away darkness, by teaching that there is no difference of obligation, but that it is only through the blood of Jesus that any, whether Jew or Gentile, can have hope. "And if ye be Christ's, then are ye Abraham's seed, and heirs according to the promise." Gal. 3: 29.

Christ did not claim to have authority to change the fourth commandment, and did not change it, and so far his influence is in favor of the seventh-day Sabbath. You acknowledge that he kept the law faithfully, and commanded us to obey all its precepts. (John 7:16, 17; 8: 28, 34; 14: 24; 15: 10, 15; Matt. 19: 17.) The fact that the seventh day is called the Sabbath in the Acts, and that no other day is mentioned as a sacred day in the New Testament, while the Sabbath is mentioned fifty-nine times, shows the importance attached by the inspired writers to the only rest-day having the sanction of the Scriptures. Sixty years subsequent to the establishment of the Christian church, with its usages, John mentions the Lord's day as a day well known, and observed by the church; and we well know that Jesus claimed the seventh day as his own. These facts give Sabbatarianism a weight of testimony which cannot be safely overlooked.

When Stephen and Paul were brought before the Jews, their accusers would quickly have brought out the truth, had they been teaching the Gentiles that the fourth commandment was abrogated, and the day of the Sabbath changed. But was any such charge brought against them?—No. Then it is evident that they observed the Sabbath law, and taught others to do the same.

Where do we now stand in this investigation? We have found that the Sabbath is mentioned immediately after the creation was finished, in such a manner as to leave no doubt in the mind of the candid reader but that it was given to Adam as a memorial of the creative work,—a day to be devoted to acts of worship, and meditation on the power, wisdom, and goodness of the Creator. And the necessity for this change of occupation exists in the nature of man.

We have discovered traces of the observance of the sacred rest-day from the days of Adam to the time when the voice of Jehovah, proclaiming the Sabbath law from Sinai, testified to the ancient custom by saying, "Remember the Sabbath day."

Christ, our perfect Teacher, said that the Sabbath was made for man. Why did he not say, "For the Jews"?

According to Dan. 7: 25, an attempt was to be made to change the law of God, and was to be crowned with apparent success. This prophecy has been fulfilled, as the papal church testifies; for that church proves her right to institute festivals and holy days, and to command them under pain of sin, by the very fact that she has changed the Sabbath into Sunday. But after the close of the 1260 years of papal supremacy, there was to be a restoration of the law of God. (Isa. 58; Rev. 14: 12, 22); and those who, after learning the truth, persist in accepting the mark of the beast instead of the sign, or mark, of the Creator, will be accounted rebels against God.

We have found that only those who have the mark of God (observe his law) are to have right to the tree of life, and are to enter into the city of the Great King; and that on the earth made new, the Sabbath is to be kept by the nations of the redeemed.

The original ark of the covenant, after which Moses shaped that in the earthly sanctuary (Heb. 8: 5), containing the law of God, was shown to the apostle John in Heaven. (Rev. 11: 19.) And by that law Paul says all men shall be judged. (Rom. 2: 12-15.)

We have found that there were two laws in existence at the time of Christ's advent. One of these laws became more fully established by the teachings of Christ and his apostles; the other was abolished at the cross.

Ps. 19: 8; 119: 172 speak of the statutes of God as righteous. (See also Ps. 119: 138; Ex. 31: 18; 32: 15.) In Webster's Dictionary the word "righteous" is defined to mean "free from

sin." The word "moral" is defined thus: "Pertaining to those intentions and actions of which right and wrong, virtue and vice, are predicated, or the rules by which such intentions and actions ought to be directed." Therefore, it is not incorrect to apply this adjective to the ten commandments, the perfect rule; and for ages in the past it has been so used. There is but a shade of difference between the meaning of "moral" and that of "righteous," the word used in our English version. The term "ceremonial"—of ceremonies—is Scriptural, and applied to the abrogated law. (Heb. 9: 1, 10, margin; 7: 12.) Eminent divines agree with us in this use of the words "moral" and "ceremonial."

RELIGIOUS LIBERTY.

(Concluded.)

An address delivered in Assembly Hall at Harrisburg, Pa., March 17, 1881, by D. E. Maxson, D. D., Seventh-day Baptist.

SECOND PROPOSITION: This Sunday law of 1794 is in derogation of the immutable principles upon which the American Republic was founded, not less than of those upon which the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania was founded, both as a colony and as a State.

The doctrine of religious liberty came to the American shores with the Mayflower, and until the American people can forget their origin, and taboo their Pilgrim Fathers, religious liberty will be secure in the land of the Pilgrims, the home of Roger Williams and William Penn. "I will make them conform, or I will harry them out of the kingdom, or else worse," was the exclamation of King James, respecting the Puritan nonconformists, the Pilgrim Fathers of our Republic. He could not make them conform, and so he "harried them out of the kingdom" with fire and sword. Says the historian Neale, "Many a conscientious Puritan was driven from the shores of his fatherland to seek an asylum in a foreign country; and thus England lost some of her richest jewels, if citizens of integrity and uprightness be a nation's wealth."

"The honest man tho' e'er sae poor,
Is king of men for a' that."

This harrying them out went on till, under James, and his weak and infamous successor, Charles II., says the historian (Neale, vol. 4, p. 554), through twenty years of persecution, there was an amount of suffering greater, perhaps, than had been endured in the same space of time since the Reformation. Another chronicler, Jeremy White, collected a list of 60,000 Dissenters, who suffered the bigoted intolerance of the religious establishment under James and Charles, and no less than 5,000 of them died in prison. Others, including noble men and women, were executed; some on the scaffold, others at the stake, suffered martyrdom for their faith and refusal to conform to the decretals of the established Church of England. Lady Alice Lisle, for giving comfort to a nonconformist minister, was charged with treason, and her jury were bullied by the infamous Jeffries, then on the bench, to find her guilty, and the monster condemned her to be burned (the king commuted her sentence to hanging, and the aged woman died forgiving her enemies). Another woman, on charge of hiding a nonconformist, was tried, but no evidence was found against her; but when bigotry determines to compass its ends, evidence is of little consequence. Without evidence, she was condemned and burned at the stake, rejoicing that she was deemed worthy to suffer for Christ's sake. Of this martyrdom, Sir James Mackintosh says, "Thus was this poor woman supported, under a death of cruel torture, by the lofty consciousness of suffering for righteousness' sake, and by that steadfast faith in the final triumph of justice which can never visit the last moments of the oppressor."

But I will not protract this painful history further than to quote the historian of the Puritans, in words following: "The number of the nonconformists did not decrease, though the engines of intolerance were so long and assiduously worked against them"—a fact well enough to be known by all bigots who resort to arguments of

persecution, of fines, and penalties, and scaffolds, and fagots, to silence the opposition they cannot cope with on the fair field of debate. The Pilgrims went to Leyden, in Holland, and remained there eleven years, but it was not a genial home for their free spirits. Where should they go next? They had heard of a far-away land across the sea, whose soil was rich, whose air was free, a land on which despotism had shed no blight, a land where

"Freedom, winged, might raptured roam,
And find at length a genial home."

They resolved to go to America. It was a great thought, the seed-thought of a mighty nation. In the secret thoughts of that immortal one hundred and one, there were germinal impulses which were to strike most powerfully on the destinies of the world; and when the history of great souls shall be written on the scrolls of eternity, the words and deeds of these and such as these will shine brighter in the annals of greatness than those titled and gowned dignitaries of the great church which put its ban on them and inspired its facile tools to "harry them out" from their homes in

"England's sunny dales, and
Scotia's heather hills."

The story of these, our Pilgrim Fathers, belongs to the heroic age of America, and may well inspire the enthusiasm of her historians; for no other nation can boast such an origin, in such an idea, nor adorn its earliest annals with a tale as true as it is beautiful, as authentic as it is sublime; and when America shall produce her Virgil, he will find in the voyage of the Pilgrim Fathers a theme for his muse far surpassing his of olden time, who sang the adventures of an Æneas, "Who, a fugitive by fate, from the Trojan shores, first came to Italy and the Lavinian coasts."

Religious liberty is the watchword and the basilar idea of the whole American movement. The Pilgrim Fathers are our types of men, and the Mayflower is our type of destiny. The sea over which we are sailing our noble Ship of State has never been cut by the keel of another vessel, and the basilar doctrine of our Republic has never illumined the constitution of any other nation. The Magna Charta of King John guaranteed liberty to Englishmen because Englishmen, and to none others. The American Constitution guarantees liberty to *man as man*. The American Declaration of Rights "holds these truths to be self-evident that *all* men are created equal, and endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness; and that to secure these rights governments are instituted among men."

These, gentlemen, are human-nature rights, such as our government was founded to take care of, and rights with which no law can interfere. That the founders of the government meant just this, let them testify. Midway between the Declaration and the adoption of the Constitution, when the great thought of human liberty was ripening toward its organic life in the American Republic, the American Congress, in the City of Brotherly Love, issued the following authoritative declaration of the basilar doctrine of the nation coming to birth. It was drawn up by James Madison, in words following: "Let it be remembered, that it has ever been the pride and boast of America, that the rights for which she contended were the rights of human nature. By the blessing of the Author of these rights on the means exerted for their defense, they have prevailed against all opposition, and form the basis of thirteen independent States." It is ever the pride and boast of America, that the rights for which she contended were the rights of *human nature*, and that by the blessing of the Author of these rights, they have prevailed and gone into the corner-stone of our magnificent edifice. Yes, sir! and that is just what makes it magnificent; and that alone it is that will keep it magnificent so long as her citizens remain feal to their birth-right, doing the work of true sons of noble sires; keeping blazoned in living light the eternal axiom that "the laws of nature are immutable, and are the laws of laws;" and that which does not conform thereto is not law,—cannot be American law. Man's religious nature is his deepest, broad-

est, highest, and grandest nature, and around his religious nature does all law, all American law, throw its stoutest ramparts. And around this religious nature has its divine Author thrown the rampart of the Sabbath law. A Sabbathless people will inevitably become a godless, an atheistic people.

The first amendment to the Constitution adopted in 1791, is in words following: "Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion." It was from the bigotry and despotism of a State-established religion that the founders of this nation had to flee; their human nature rights to order and exercise their own religion according to the dictates of their own conscience, had been invaded. Naturally enough, they put this inhibition against "established" religion into the fundamental law of the land they had come to inhabit. That they might have the religious liberty denied them, was the all-prevailing reason of their coming to the new world and establishing a new government. But it was not enough to inhibit the establishment of religion by Congressional enactment. The article goes on to say, "Congress shall make no law prohibiting the free exercise of religion." Now, it is against this last clause of the article that the Act of 1794, under which we are suffering, is operating, in that it does prohibit the free exercise of religion as practiced by American citizens, numerous in more than three-fourths of the States of the American Union. It is not always, nor most generally, that we make opposition to what we do not like, by direct assault. But opposition by indirection, by inference, by innuendo, is often and generally more harassing and hurtful. The Act of which we complain does not face us squarely, and in direct terms forbid us to keep holy the seventh day of the week, the Sabbath of Jehovah. If it did, it would have more chivalry, not to say more dignity, than it has now. Instead of this, it places before us one of the strongest motives for not doing it known to men; viz., the motive of pecuniary interest. For while it does not forbid us in direct terms to Sabbatize on the seventh day, it does forbid us to work on the first day of the week, thus taking away one-sixth part of our industrial earnings as a forfeit, or drawback, for our faithfulness to religious conviction and duty. It is saying to us, Yes, keep on in the observance of the Sabbath, of the seventh day, but know ye, that, doing so, there remain to you only five more days of that week in which you may work and earn your subsistence of life and profit of business; know ye that for that year your earnings will be less by the value of fifty-two days' work. Now, allow the moderate average earnings per day to be one dollar, there is \$52 per year for us to pay as the price for our fealty to our religious conviction. In a lifetime of common length it would amount to a somewhat onerous tax. Disguise it as you will, it is a constant push against that "free exercise of religion" which is guaranteed in the article of the Constitution under consideration. That is very far from being a "free exercise of religion," which is put to such a disadvantage by statutory enactment, and that enactment is just as far from being constitutional law which puts such religious exercise to such disadvantage. But not only by indirection does this act infringe religious liberty. It does it by direction, palpable and imperious. It is as much a duty, under the fourth commandment, to work the other six days of the week as it is to rest on the seventh. Man's law of life is the law of labor, and God has ordained that "he who will not work shall not eat;" that "the hand of the diligent shall bear rule, while the sluggard shall come to poverty." "Diligent in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord," is God's programme for every human life. "Whether therefore ye eat or drink, or whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God." "Whatsoever your hands find to do, do it with your might." These are some of the forms through which the life-duties, the religious duties of men's lives, are expressed. This law of labor is as imperative, both in the nature of things and the divine voicings of that nature, as is the law of rest. Men do as conscientiously observe the law of labor as they do the law of rest, and thus observing it are as religiously engaged as

when resting on the Sabbath. Indeed, what is the primary end of resting on the seventh day according to the commandment, but to gather strength to go through the toil of the succeeding six days? When you forbid me to work on the first day of the week, you strike as cruel a blow at my religious liberty as when you forbid me to rest on the seventh day; for sacred obligations to my family, and to the cause of humanity and of God, demand the fruit of the toil of that day, and I may not deny it them except by recreancy to high religious and moral obligations. Nor can you deny it them by restraining me without trenchment on rights God has made inherent in my nature, and which the Constitution of my country has guarded with scrupulous care.

I have to add that this Act of 1794 is opposed to the spirit and genius upon which the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania was founded, so that while it is neither good common law, nor good American law, it is not even good Pennsylvania law. One of the proud names of modern history is that of Wm. Penn, the founder of the proud old Commonwealth that perpetuates his name in hers, and whose characteristic virtue is memorialized in the beautiful metropolis of that Commonwealth, the City of Brotherly Love, the second city in size and importance in the American Republic. The principles of religious liberty upon which Penn founded his American colony were such as had been imbibed and intensified amid the scenes of intolerance and persecution of his native home in England. Of the bitterness of that intolerance he had had abundant experience. He had been imprisoned in Newgate six months for refusing to violate his conscience against taking an oath; had been fined for wearing his hat in a court-room; had been repeatedly imprisoned for attending Quaker meetings, and had been confined in London Tower nine months for writing a book against the dogma of the Trinity, as it was held by the so-called orthodox sects. From out such a personal experience, we do not wonder to read of him, when he became the founder of a State, such words as the following, by his historian: "In framing the colonial government, he provided for the largest religious liberty, allowing every one to worship God according to the dictates of his own conscience." We do not wonder when another chronicler says of him, that "he is always mentioned with honor as a lawgiver who, in an age of persecution, made religious liberty the corner-stone of a State." While we do not wonder at this, the outcome of the inexorable logic of events, the utterance of God's voice in history, we do wonder, and shall never cease to wonder, that in that same State, corner-stoned in religious liberty, such an Act as that of 1794 came so early into existence, and has remained in existence so late into the nineteenth century,—a century distinguished above all preceding ones for its liberalizing tendencies, for its liberty-giving impulses, for its costly enfranchisements.

Before concluding this argument, let me add that if this Act were valid, constitutional law, those upon whom it most heavily bears at present are of all people least deserving its penalties. Gentlemen, the Seventh-day Baptists are no new-come adventurers, seeking to set up utopian enterprises and to propagate dangerous and heretical dogmas in this country. Our organic existence in the United States antedates that of the Federal Government by more than a hundred years. We celebrated the bi-centennial of our denominational existence in this country away on the prairies of the West, five years before the American Government celebrated its centennial existence in the metropolis of Pennsylvania. The founder of our denomination in this country, Stephen Mumford, came from England to Newport, R. I., eighteen years before Wm. Penn, the founder of Pennsylvania, came to Philadelphia from the same country. And there were in Pennsylvania alone five Seventh-day Baptist churches eighty-seven years before the Constitution of the State was adopted. They were organized under the lead of a Seventh-day Baptist minister from England, Abel Noble by name, and nobler by nature. He drew his adherents mainly from a branch of seceding Quakers, known as Keithian Baptists. From that day to this, our denomination has never been without

a representation in Pennsylvania, respectable both for numbers and intelligence, valuable and loyal citizens of the Commonwealth. We are not ashamed of our history, nor of the part we have taken, and are still taking, in maintaining the government of our nation and educating the people in the principles of civil and religious liberty. Our mother church in Newport gave to the State two of her best governors, and a Secretary of State who held the office for several successive administrations. That same church gave to the Continental Congress, holding session in Philadelphia, one of its most active and influential members, who held position on an important committee of the Congress during the most critical period of our formative era. The Newport church also furnished substantial aid in founding that noble institution of learning at Providence, my own dear Alma Mater, Brown University. One of the Newport members was for years a most active and influential member of her Board of Trustees. From that day to this, members of our churches have occupied positions of influence and honor in the county and State governments where they have been located.

In educational enterprise, we have not been behind our brethren of other denominations, nor have we confined the advantages of our academies and colleges to students of our own denomination. As a rule, there are in our colleges three or four times as many students from other denominations as from our own. Families of all religious proclivities send their young men and women to us for literary training, and out on the field of action, all over the land, are graduates of our schools. In the pulpit, in the professor's chair, in editorial chairs, at the head of banking and other business houses, in legislative halls, on judicial benches,—everywhere,—we find them. Five of our Alfred graduates have been members of the Pennsylvania Legislature within the last decade, three of these members of the present House. The first Superintendent of Public Instruction in Kansas was a former teacher and graduate of Alfred University. He was slain at the post of duty by the Rantell raiders upon Lawrence. One of the ablest Attorney Generals of Kansas was an Alfred graduate, and son of a Seventh-day Baptist minister. The present Chancellor and popular President of the State University at Lawrence was a graduate and long-time professor of Alfred University. One of the present Supreme Judges of Kansas is a graduate of Alfred. The editor of the leading Republican journal of that noble State is a graduate and former teacher of Alfred. One of the first men to die at his post resisting the Border Ruffian invasion of that State was an Alfred student, and among the foremost, both in the Legislature and in the field of the noble men who saved that magnificent State to freedom, were Alfred students. An Alfred graduate has been the postmaster at Lawrence for the last eight years. Among the Superintendents of Public Instruction of the State of Missouri has been an Alfred graduate, and son of a Seventh-day Baptist minister. At the present time, a Seventh-day Baptist minister, and President of one of our colleges, is Superintendent of Public Instruction of Wisconsin; he is upon his second term, and by his indefatigable energy, is working a thorough and radical reform in the whole system of public instruction of the great and growing Badger State. A graduate of Alfred is now one of the Supreme Judges of Wisconsin, and a graduate of Milton was not long ago Lieutenant Governor of that State. * * *

From the very beginning of the controversy that came to its bloody arbitrament on six hundred battle-fields, to its close in a regenerated nation and a liberated race, through every phase of the grand unfolding of this our tragic history, our people have stood true as the needle to the pole. In the national cemetery at Baton Rouge, there stands a beautiful monument erected in memory of a brave man who fell in front of his regiment. His regiment put the monument there as a token of love for him. He was my noble brother. Somewhere under the field of Seven Pines lie together the remains of three noble soldiers, who fell struggling against vast odds. They were Seventh-day Baptists, students of mine. With my

own hands I buried them there, finding them out from the débris of two days' carnage. Then, in that fearful thunder of battle, as our regiment was hard pressed by a whole Rebel brigade, I saw a young man, a captain, mount full length top of the rifle pit behind which the regiment was entrenched, and, in face of a murderous fire, load and deliberately fire sixty rounds in the face of the oncoming enemy. He was a Seventh-day Baptist, a graduate of Alfred. Afterward, the regiment was captured and sent to the hell of Andersonville, where about one-half of them perished. But this same young man planned and executed an escape for himself and several companions by burrowing under the stockade, so skillfully hiding their tracks as to emerge outside the stockade in the night, escape the vigilance of the sentinels, and, by hiding days and traveling nights, they at length reached the Union lines. That heroic soldier is now head of a large mercantile firm in Michigan. One of the present deacons, and another member of my own church, suffered and at length escaped the immediate horrors of that dreadful prison, but to the day of their death will not be rid of its effects upon their physical constitutions. All this is not to boast, but only to say, We have shunned no duty, no danger, that we might fill our place as loyal citizens of our noble Republic.

And now, gentlemen, it remains for you to determine whether we shall share as fully and freely in the immunities guaranteed by our institutions as we have shared in the toil and danger of founding, ennobling, and defending them. Pennsylvania, whose history is so grand, whose corner-stone was laid in religious liberty, by some strange contradiction, is the one only State of the Union which puts us under legal disabilities for our religious beliefs and practices. We have Seventh-day Baptist churches in seventeen States, while in all the States are numbers exceeding our own who observe the seventh day. Nowhere but in the Keystone State is the hand of repression laid upon us. Why should it be there? Are we, like the Israelites in Egypt, growing so large a people that the Pennsylvania Pharaoh is afraid of us? Let me assure him his fears are groundless, and that when we come to hold the majority of votes in the State, and have a majority of members in this its august council, we shall glory in nothing so much as in bringing it back upon its corner-stone of religious liberty to all the inhabitants thereof. We have no spirit of recrimination to gratify, no bigoted hatred to indulge. If you keep on oppressing us, we shall keep on petitioning and protesting; and if by your oppression you shall give us more compactness of character, more steadiness of eye and nerve, more boldness of speech, more strength of organization, it will not be so much because we shall will it to be so, as because the inexorable logic of events, and the resistless laws of action and reaction, shall make it so. Patiently, kindly, and, if need be, heroically, shall we endure what we cannot cure. In the grand unfoldings of God's providence, we are coming more and more to believe that what is true will live forever; that "truth, crushed to earth, will rise again," because "the eternal years of God are hers." Outside show of strength and of beauty are often in vast disparity to internal and eternal verities. The humble and unpretending, but industrious Daniel C. Waldo can better afford to pay the fine imposed for obedience to conscience and God by the proud old Commonwealth of Pennsylvania than she can afford to impose it. The small and unpretending denomination of Seventh-day Baptists can better afford to be persecuted and proscribed by legal discriminations and disabilities than the large and popular denominations can afford to urge on such interference; for—

"Of what is small, but living,
God makes himself the nurse,
While, onward, cry the voices
Of the great universe."

—Sabbath Recorder.

—God never calls a man to preach the gospel before he converts him and gives him the Holy Spirit, without which he can do little good, whatever his talents may be.

PHARISAISM, ANCIENT AND MODERN.

A FRIEND who was present tells me the following characteristic anecdote of Mr. Beecher: He was preaching on the tenderness of Christ. "But," said he, personating an objector, "did not Christ denounce the Pharisees? Did he not exhibit wrath and indignation as well as tenderness?" "That," he replied, "depends upon the manner and spirit in which those denunciations are read." Then he took up his New Testament and read some verses from the 23d chapter of Matthew: "Woe unto you, scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites." He threw into his voice the impassioned earnestness of a wrathful indignation; then he re-read them in the impassioned feeling of a heart overwhelmed with pity. Then, without a word of comment, he laid down his New Testament, and went on with his sermon.

It is certain that the denunciations recorded in Luke, chapter 11, and Matthew, chapter 23, are capable of a double interpretation. They may be read simply as the language of pity. The Greek may be translated: "Alas! for you." But the whole spirit of the passage seems to me inconsistent with such a rendering. So also does the character of Christ. It was not the power of pity before which the traders in the temple quailed; or which prevented the officers sent to arrest him from consummating their purpose; or which made the soldiers fall backward to the ground at the entrance to the Garden of Gethsemane when he came forth to meet them.

The language of pity would have been wholly lost upon the Pharisees; and Christ was not accustomed to cast pearls before swine.

It does not, however, follow that it was the language of wrath.

Who were these whose characters aroused Christ's indignation and brought upon themselves his invectives? Hypocrites (*ὑποκριταί*), literally, *play-actors*. They were men who possessed a double character, an outside and an inside one, a seeming and a real one. Such men are common. Society is a masquerade. There are very few who go into it undisguised. The church is even more a masquerade; laymen as well as priests put on their ecclesiastical robes when they go to church. I remember, when a boy, seeing in Christie's Minstrels a curious dance performed by a man who wore a double face, was negro on one side and a white man on the other. From time to time he whirled around, presenting now the negro, now the white man to the audience. Many a man is thus two men; one the real, the other a stage make-up. The boy at school who is demure when the teacher is present, but is the fomentor of disturbance and the breeder of evil habits and corruption in other boys less guileful than himself; the clerk in the counting-room who is apparently all devotion to business from nine till five, but is in reality all devotion to the billiard-table, or the theater, or the gambling-table from eight till twelve; the merchant who joins in the responses and between whiles reckons up the profits of last week's business, or plans for new profits in the coming week; the politician who is rich in professions of devotion to the public service while scheming for his own advancement and aggrandizement,—these are all samples of play-actors in daily life, the *υποκριται* whom Christ denounced.

Now, the only salvation for such men is to strip off their disguise and show themselves to themselves, and if need be, to others. So long as they judge themselves by their masquerade costume, there is no hope for self-improvement. The boy will be satisfied with his school rank and entirely unconcerned by his private rank in God's judgment book; the clerk will think he performs the whole duty of man if he is at his desk at nine and stays there till five; the merchant will count himself a most devout Sabbath-keeper so long as he carries his ledger to church only in his head; the politician will enjoy the approval of his own conscience so long as schemes of self-aggrandizement do not involve open breach of the recognized laws of political morality. This was the case with the Pharisees. They were the orthodox Jews; the members of evangelical churches in good and regular standing.

To such men severity is mercy. Christ showed the only mercy that was possible. He thrust at them; dragged their masquerade costumes off from them; disclosed their true characters to others and to themselves. Such a disclosure he made to a Pharisee when he called out of Heaven to Saul of Tarsus, "It is hard for thee to kick against the pricks." Underneath Paul's seemingly unhesitating zeal as a persecutor was all the time a secret remonstrance. It was the disclosure to himself of this secret self that vanquished the persecutor. His outer life had been no true one; and in that instant and for the first time he saw it so. Nor was Saul the only Pharisee thus converted. Nicodemus and Joseph of Arimathea were others; perhaps not the only others. But in general this disclosure of themselves to themselves angered them. It is always a hazardous experiment; but it is an experiment of mercy. The surgeon is as merciful when cutting away the proud flesh, or probing for the ball, or piercing the gathering, as when administering an anodyne.

The general remedy for all Pharisaism is a disclosure of the real character; a stripping off of the stage costume. This is the general lesson; the application to modern Pharisees of Christ's specific words in the address reported in Luke may be indicated in a few words. Each reader must complete the application for himself.

Pharisaism is scrupulous about external forms and ceremonies. Christ bids men cleanse themselves not by ritual, but by giving in compassion out of a sincere heart to the needy. (Verses 39-41.) Love is the great cleanser.

Pharisaism is precise and particular in conscientious observance of minute regulations; it pays its tithe of the smallest garden herbs, but is indifferent to judgment and justice (verse 42), like the Scotch waiter who was aghast when asked for hot water on Sunday for shaving, but brought with alacrity hot water and whisky for a toddy, and drank the whisky while the guest took the water. Many a man who will not blacken his own boots on Sunday will blacken his neighbor's character on Monday; he will not pay three cents for a Sunday paper, but he will combine to push up the price of breadstuffs or of coal, though it brings cold and hunger into thousands of homes. The Pharisee pays a good pew rent; not because he loves worship more than his neighbor, but because he loves the center aisle. He is foremost in public works and charities, not because he loves his country or his fellow-men, but because he loves greetings in the markets and notices in the newspapers. (Verse 43.)

Akin to the Pharisee is the lawyer. He puts heavy burdens on men, but gives no help in carrying them. (Verse 46.) He is quick to punish crime and drunkenness; but he owns the rookery whose noisome atmosphere breeds drunkenness and impels to crime; he would stop all Sunday cars and trains; but he will not lift a finger to give the families of the poor, housed in stifled rooms and poisoned by reeking streets, a breath of fresh air or a glimpse of green fields. He gives unmeasured praise to the prophets and radicals of past ages, and persecutes the prophet and radical of his own age. By his teaching and spirit he buries the teachings of the very men whose memory he professes to honor.

He will not go forward into new rooms in truth's palace; and he tries to shut the door against those who desire to do so. (Verse 52.)

But in all these specifications, and in many more which Christ's longer indictment, reported in Matthew, chapter 23, contains, there is the double character; a man apparently zealous for the rights of religion, but really indifferent to its spirit; apparently eager for the observance of the law, really giving no heed to men to observe it; apparently eager for the truth, really unwilling to learn himself or to allow others to do so. This spirit, however it manifests itself and wherever it is seen, is the worst and bitterest foe of Christianity, as it was while he lived the mortal foe of Christ himself.—Lyman Abbott, in *Christian Union*.

—This is the world of seeds, of causes, and of tendencies; the other is the world of harvests and results, and of perfected and eternal consequences.

The Family Circle.

A HYMN OF TRUST.

LEAVE God to order all thy ways,
And hope in him whate'er betide;
Thou'lt find him in the evil days
An all-sufficient strength and guide.
Who trusts in God's unchanging love,
Builds on the rock that naught can move.

He knows when joyful hours are best,
He sends them as he sees it meet;
When thou hast borne the fiery test,
And now art freed from all deceit,
He comes to thee all unaware,
And makes thee own his loving care.

Sing, pray, and swerve not from his ways,
But do thine own part faithfully;
Trust his rich promises of grace,
So shall they be fulfilled in thee.
God never yet forsook in need
The soul that trusted him indeed.

—From the German.

DAILY BREAD.

"It's dreadful to live this way! I do wonder why God does n't answer your prayers and send you some work, father."

"Are you hungry, mother? I'm sure I thought we had a very good breakfast. And what a nice, pleasant house this is that we live in!"

"But we've nothing for dinner!"

"But it is n't dinner time."

"Well, I must confess I like to know what we are to have just a little while before dinner time."

"God has said our bread and water shall be sure, but he has not promised that we shall know beforehand where it's coming from."

"Father," said little Maggie, "do you s'pose God knows what time we have dinner?"

"Yes, dear, I suppose he knows exactly that. I've done my best to get work, and I'll go out now and look around, and you go to school and don't be the least mite afraid, Maggie. There'll be some dinner."

"But we're out of soap and starch and saleratus," said the mother.

"As for the saleratus, you could n't use it if you had it, unless you had some flour. I'm sure I had soap when I washed my hands this morning."

"Yes, a little bit. But it's not enough to do the washing."

"But the washing won't come till next Monday. As for the starch, it isn't one of the necessities of life. I'm going out now to try to find some work. You just cast your care on the Lord, mother, and go about your housework as if you knew what was coming next, and don't go and take the burden right up again. That's the trouble with you. You can't trust the Lord to take as good care of it as you think you would, and so you take it up again, and go round groaning under the burden."

"Well, I do wonder he lets such troubles come. Here you've been out of work these three months, and you've been a faithful, conscientious Christian ever since I knew you."

"I've been an unfaithful, unprofitable servant, and that's true, mother, whatever you may think of me," replied Mr. Wilson humbly. "God is trying our faith now. After he's provided for us so long, what will he think of us if we distrust him now just because want seems to be near, before ever it has touched us?"

Mr. Wilson went away to seek work, and spent the forenoon seeking vainly. God saw that here was a diamond worth polishing. He subjected his servant's faith to a strain, but it bore the test. I will not say that no questioning or painful thoughts disturbed the man as he walked homeward at noon. Four eager, hungry little children, just home from school, to find the table unspread and no dinner ready for them; an aged and infirm parent, from whom he had concealed as far as possible all his perplexities, lest he should feel himself a burden in his old age,—these were not pleasant pictures to contemplate, and all through the long, weary forenoon Satan had been holding them up to his view, and it was only by clinging to the Lord, as drowning men cling to the rope that is thrown to them, that he was kept from utter despondency.

"Thou knowest, O Lord, that I've done my best to support my family. My abilities are small, but I've done my best. Now, Lord, I'm waiting to see thy salvation. Appear for me! Let me not be put to shame.

"Increase my faith, increase my hope,
Or soon my strength will fail."

So he prayed in his own simple fashion, as he walked along.

It was true, as he had said. His abilities were not great. Some frivolous young people at the prayer-meeting smiled at the phraseology of his prayers. But there were educated men and earnest women who were helped and strengthened by those very prayers. Religion had raised above mediocrity a man to whom Nature had been niggardly. Without it he would have been a cipher in the community—or worse than a cipher.

He drew near to his own door with something of dread. But the children rushed out to meet him with joyous shouts.

"Come right in, father; quick! We've got a splendid dinner all ready. We've been waiting for you, and we're fearful hungry."

The tired steps quickened, and the strongly drawn lines in the weary face softened to a look of cheerful questioning, such as was oftenest seen there. He came in and stood beside his wife, who was leaning over the stove dipping soup out of the big dinner-pot.

"How is this, mother?" said he.

"Why, father! Mr. Giddings has been over from Bristol. He came just after you went out. And he says a mistake was made in your account, which he has just found out by accident; he owed you three dollars more, and he paid it to me. So I—"

"I don't think it was by accident, though," said Mr. Wilson, interrupting her.

"Well, I thought as we had nothing for dinner I'd better buy some meat and—"

"Do you think it was accident that sent us that money to-day, mother?" persisted the thankful man.

"No, I don't think so," said his wife humbly.

"I think it was Providence. And I'm thankful, I'm sure. I did try to trust; but I'll try harder next time. You have n't heard the whole, though. Mr. Giddings wants you next Monday for all the week, and he thinks for all summer."

The grace at table that day was a long one, full of thanks and praise; but not even the youngest child was impatient at its length.

SPEAK TO STRANGERS.

"Who was that quiet-appearing girl that came into church quite late, last Sabbath?" I asked a friend of mine who was an active member in the church which I had recently joined.

"Did she wear a striped shawl and a dark dress?" inquired my friend. "If so, it was Annie Linton, a girl who is a seamstress in Brown's shop."

"I did not notice her clothes in particular," I answered, "but her face attracted me; I should know it among a thousand faces. How could you pass by a stranger so indifferently, Mrs. Greyson? I expected that you would ask her to remain at Sabbath-school, and go into your Bible-class, but you did not once look at her."

"I did not once think of it, and if I had, probably she would not have accepted the invitation, as she is a stranger in town, and undoubtedly will not remain here long," my friend replied quickly, in the way of defense.

I said nothing more, for Mrs. G. was really an excellent Christian woman, with this one fault,—carelessness,—which sometimes caused her to make grave mistakes.

But I could not help thinking about the stranger girl. Her large dark eyes and finely formed face revealed more than ordinary intelligence, and in some way I gained the impression that she was deeply impressed with religious conviction, if not a Christian already. It seemed to me that she left the church very reluctantly, and was half waiting an invitation to the Bible-class.

The next Sabbath she came again and occupied the same seat,—just in front of my own. She bowed her head very reverently during prayer, and once during the sermon I saw her lip quiver with emotion, and a tear came into her eye. The services closed, and the stranger lingered as before. My friend, good Mrs. G., again forgot to speak to the girl. She passed out of the church slowly, and did not come again. I thought she must have left town, as I had not seen her for several days; but one Sabbath, as I attended another church, I saw her again. She seemed a little more at ease, I thought, and there was a quiet smile on her face. After the services were concluded, I saw many a pleasant smile given to the stranger girl, and I understood the secret of the changed look upon her face. I made some inquiries, and learned that she had joined this church, and was earnest and active in all its work. I also learned that she had made a profession of religion just be-

fore coming to our village, and had an unusually clear experience. How much the indifference of our own people had to do with her finding a home in another church, I know not.

Several years have passed since this occurred, but I have never forgotten it. Many a stranger's hand I have clasped as I thought of Annie Linton's sweet face. I was young in Christian experience then, and that lesson was a profitable one to me.

Speak to the stranger, Christian friend, with the assurance that no evil will grow out of it. It is better sometimes to step over the rules of etiquette than to chill some warm stream of God's new-given love by coldness and indifference.

TEN MINUTES' DELAY.

ALL well-informed people are familiar with the sad account of the death of the young Prince Napoleon, who fell pierced by nineteen wounds at the hands of the Zulus, in South Africa, June 1, 1879.

Many will remember that Capt. Carey, in his published report, mentioned that after they had selected the camping-ground,—the object for which the squad of six had been detailed,—and had had coffee and rested, he suggested that they should remount and return to camp. But the young Prince, who commanded the squad, said,—

"No, let's wait ten minutes."

Just as they were preparing to remount, at the expiration of that ten minutes, a body of Zulus came on them, and all fled but the Prince, whose horse broke from him. After a desperate resistance, he fell, covered with wounds, and died "in the tall grass of the douga."

I presume all do not know that this pleading for ten minutes' delay was a habit of the young Prince from early childhood.

A correspondent of a leading Paris journal interviewed the Empress as she was upon the eve of departure for the scene of the tragedy that had wrecked all her earthly hopes, and drew her into conversation on the subject of her son.

She talked freely during the interview, but with an evident anguish of spirit, which seemed only the more sad from her effort at control.

During this interview, while speaking of the childhood of her son, the Prince, she unconsciously revealed the trait in his character that had caused all this woe,—to her, wrecked hopes and a broken heart; to him, the probable loss of a throne, an earthly future, and his life.

After describing her as still lovely in her lonely grief, the writer from whom we quote said, "The Empress had now risen and stood, slightly trembling; with emotion, when, stepping rapidly and gracefully across the room, she opened a cabinet, from which she took a pocket-book, and read therefrom on a leaf, 'Going with Carey,'—the last words ever written by the Prince; then she added,—

"Of all that Capt. Carey has ever written in regard to my son, those fatal ten minutes alone, I hold to be true. It was ever his habit," she continued, "to plead for ten minutes' delay; so much so that I used to tell him they ought to call him 'Monsieur Dix Minutes.' It was always ten minutes more to sleep in the morning; ten minutes more at night to sleep in his chair; and when too much overcome with sleep to speak, he would hold up his two little hands, the ten fingers representing the ten minutes more for which he pleaded."

The habit of procrastination is a deadly foe to all prosperity in temporal or moral affairs. We should do every duty as soon as it can be done.

—There are many parents who think if they could only rear their children in an ideal atmosphere, the climax of their happiness would be reached. They seek to have them pretty in personal appearance and are anxious for them to learn French and music, while their dispositions are soured and spoiled by petty indulgences and fanciful ambitions. How unkind and blind is parental love in such cases! How vain it is for parents whose children have no reasonable expectation of wealth, to cram their minds and hearts with ideas of fine dress and needless superfluity! Life is too solemn and the soul too precious to be thus trifled with. Life is real, a hand-to-hand contest with opposing ills and antagonistic forces, and parents ought to impress their children that it is not "all of life to live," and teach them not to seek their happiness in the vanities of this world, but to be self-reliant, studious, kind, of pleasing disposition, obedient, and to love God. A "pet" and "favorite" child is a failure. A well-trained, self-reliant, virtuous child is a joy to its parents, a success in life, and an honor to God.

PERSEPHONE.

LISTEN! What a sudden rustle
Fills the air!
All the birds are in a bustle
Everywhere.
Such a ceaseless croon and twitter
Overhead!
Such a flash of wings that glitter,
Wide outspread!
Far away I hear a drumming,—
Tap, tap, tap!
Can the woodpecker be coming
After sap?
Butterflies are hovering over
(Swarms on swarms)
Yonder meadow-patch of clover,
Like snow-storms;
Through the vibrant air a tingle
Buzzingly
Throbs, and o'er me sails a single
Bumble-bee.
Lissom swayings make the willows
One bright sheen,
Which the breeze puffs out in billows
Foamy green.
From the marshy brook that's smoking
In the fog,
I can catch the crool and croaking
Of a frog.
Dogwood stars and slopes are studding,
And I see
Blooms upon the purple-budding
Judas-tree.
Aspen tassels thick are dropping
All about,
And the alder-leaves are cropping
Broader out;
Mouse-ear tufts the hawthorn sprinkle,
Edged with rose;
The park bed of periwinkle
Fresher grows.
Up and down are midges dancing
On the grass;
How their gauzy wings are glancing
As they pass!
What does all this haste and hurry
Mean, I pray—
All this out-door flush and flurry
Seen to-day?
This presaging stir and humming,
Trill and call?
Mean? It means that spring is coming;
That is all.
—Margaret J. Preston, in *Lippincott's Magazine*.

APPLE BLOSSOMS.

ONE Monday morning in May when Mr. Castor, of the law firm of Castor & Brush, entered his office, he found on his desk a branch of fragrant white flowers with that delicate flush at the heart that makes apple blossoms so irresistible.

"Apple blossoms, sir," his clerk explained. "I spent Sunday in the country, and brought them down, thinking you might like to see some."

Mr. Castor's preoccupied face lighted up with pleasure. "Thank you, Mr. Clark," he said. "Get some water, will you, John? We must keep them as fresh as we can. I shall want to take some home to my wife to-night. There; that looks quite country-like, doesn't it, Clark?" arranging the blossoms to advantage against the law-books, and falling back a little to look at the effect.

Clark smiled, and Mr. Castor went to work at his law cases. But something was the matter with him. His thoughts would go wandering off to the green meadow by the side of the river, where Clark told him he had broken the fragrant branch.

"I wonder," he soliloquized, "whether it is anything like that meadow where—pshaw! what am I thinking of!—just as the door was thrown violently open, and John Edson, the most quarrelsome man in New York, as his friends and enemies both agreed, burst in.

"What's the matter now, Mr. Edson?" asked Mr. Castor, rising to offer his client a seat.

"Matter? Matter enough, sir! But if he thinks I'm going to submit to be robbed by his knavery, he'll find himself very much mistaken! My brother, sir, my own brother—think of that, sir!—is trying to cheat me out of my share of our paternal property. I want you to take steps immediately to stop his proceedings. He threatens to bring in a bill against the estate that will swallow up every cent—But what's that? Apple blossoms! Where did you get those?"

"Mr. Clark brought them down this morning. Sweet, though rather out of place in a lawyer's office, do n't you think?"

"I don't know," said Mr. Edson, thoughtfully, taking up the tumbler and smelling the fragrant things. "Where did these grow?"

"Up in a little country village in Connecticut. Clark is from the country, you know, and I should think from his descriptions it's quite a pretty place,

with green meadows and river. But what do you want me to do."

"Wait a minute, can't you?" said Mr. Edson, impatiently. "You lawyers are always in such a tearing hurry."

Mr. Castor raised his eye-brows, but made no verbal answer to this rather inconsistent remark, while Mr. Edson leaned back in his chair and looked at the apple blossoms. In a minute he started up and brushed his hand across his eyes.

"It makes me think of old times," he said. "I nearly broke my neck once climbing an old apple-tree for blossoms like that. I fell from the top branch, and my brother—I never had but one, sir—picked me up and carried me home. He was good to me all the long time I was sick, too. I think he'd have died for me then, and just to think that now we should be quarreling over a few hundred dollars! Castor, you needn't do anything about this matter—just yet, at least. I—I guess I'll go and see him. And say"—rather shyly—"you could n't spare me a little twig with a few of those blossoms on it, could you?"

Mr. Castor willingly broke off a branch and handed it to him, but he watched Mr. Edson's departure with a comical smile on his countenance.

"Those apple blossoms are doing sad work in this office," he said laughingly to Clark. "I've lost one promising case through them already, and as for keeping my mind on anything legal, it's an utter impossibility. It's quite evident to my mind that law and flowers were never meant to go together. I think I'll take them home to my wife before they do any more mischief."

But as he turned to go out of the office door, he saw the office boy eyeing his bunch wistfully.

"Here, John, would you like a spray?" he asked kindly, and without waiting for the eager answer he saw on the boy's lips, he tossed him one. Then he ran down the office-steps humming again the tune that had haunted him that morning. He looked so pleasant as he stood at the street corner waiting for his car that a ragged little girl who saw him ventured to ask,—

"Please, mister, what is them posies?"

"Apple blossoms."

"Do they grow on the trees that have apples on?"

"Yes."

"Oh, my! wouldn't I like to see 'em once! Say, mister, would you give me a little one?"

"Yes. Here, child," breaking off another little branch and giving it to her. He watched her from the car window take off her old hat and stow away her treasure in that, and then, clasping it close to her breast, set off on a run down toward the lower part of the city.

When he reached his home and gave the branch to his wife, her faded, peevish face relaxed into a smile that was almost sweet as she took them from his hand.

"Apple blossoms!" she said. "How beautiful they are! Do you remember, Daniel, the apple blossoms that we gathered thirty years ago?" And in another minute he and she together were recalling old times and associations, until the years that lay between their apple-blossom times and now had dropped away, and the light and glory of past days once more shed itself upon the gray hairs of the husband and the faded cheek of the wife.

The ragged little girl meanwhile ran on for quite a little way till she came to one of those narrow, filthy courts crowded with tenement houses and steaming with horrible odors in the warm May sunshine. She entered one of these tenement houses and ran lightly up the steps to her especial domain, a little room where, besides herself, only Biddy Macarthy with her husband and baby lived. Biddy was sitting near the window and rocking the baby in her arms when the child entered.

"Whisht, Meg! The boy's awful sick!"

"Do n't he get any better, Biddy?" asked Meg, creeping softly to her side.

"No, he do n't. Oh, if I only had him home in the green fields of ould Ireland he'd be well entirely; but how can he breathe in this stiffling room?"

"Look here, Biddy. See what I've got." And Meg took off her hat and showed the precious spray of apple blossoms. "Do you think that came from the green fields you spoke about?"

Biddy gazed at it in wonder and delight. "Oh, the purty things!" she exclaimed. "It's just the picture of those I've seen many's the time growing in the orchards in the ould country. Le' me take it, Meg."

She held it close to her face, and drank in the fresh sweet perfume eagerly. Then she put it down to the baby, and he feebly smiled.

"See!" cried Biddy. "He knows the swate things!"

He'll get better now. Take it away and put it in water, Meg, and set it where he can see it."

Meg ran off and soon returned with an old blacking-bottle full of water, into which she stuck the precious twig. Then she sat down to look at it and listen to Biddy's tales of the "ould country," till night came, and she had to go to bed, but she slept with one hand on the bottle in which her treasure was.

Mr. Edson, for his part, went down to his brother's office and entered with a little hesitation. The brother, a man older than Edson, with one of those stern, self-repressed faces which say as plainly as words could, "I've had a hard life, and I do n't care a cent about you; I'll have what I can get, whether you suffer or not," started as Edson came in. His eyes rested an instant longingly on the apple blossoms; but the next moment he drew back, asking, coldly, "Do you wish to see me?"

"Yes, George," answered Edson, fingering the flowers awkwardly; "I came to see about that matter—that—that property. It's a pity we should quarrel about it, and—well, I do n't care. You're the oldest, and had the hardest row to hoe always, and I guess likely there was fully my share spent on me when I was in college; and see here, old fellow, I'll do whatever you say if you'll speak to your lawyer and send him up to my office."

There was a moment's silence, and the younger Edson, looking down, saw his brother put his hand to his throat as if he were choking. The next moment the elder spoke almost as awkwardly as his brother had done.

"It was n't the money I cared for, but—but I wanted the old place. I—well, I had some associations with it."

The younger brother started. Associations? What associations of pleasure could George have with the old place? There were none, there could be none except those with Lucy Baird, who had been for one short year his own wife, now laid away in Greenwood. He sprang forward. "George, did you care for her? You could have won her if you had tried, and you knew it. She cared for me first because I was your brother. Did—do you mean to say you gave up the chance of winning her for me?"

For a minute or two the Edsons might as well have been a couple of Frenchmen meeting after a long separation. The elder was the first to recover himself.

"There, there, John," he said, in exactly the same way he used to speak when they were boys together, "I've been hard; but you see I never had a wife to soften me, and I intended to pay you for your share of the property at first, but—well, its no use talking it over. Of course you did n't know, but I kept thinking you might have known if you wanted to. But there, never mind that now. Did you know that Midland bonds are going up? I'll make a good thing out of them yet."

"I can't stay," answered Edson, opening the door, "but I'll see you again. Come up to dinner with me, won't you?"

"I will," answered the brother, heartily, and with a cordial hand shake they parted.

The younger brother went straight home and put the precious branch of apple blossoms, which had been a divining rod to him, showing him where the richest treasure of a brother's love lay hidden, into a glass, and set it where he could see it often. The elder, as he turned to his desk again, saw three petals lying on the floor. He hesitated a moment, then stooped and quickly gathering them up, laid them reverently in his pocket book.—E. L. Ogden, in *Christian Union*.

—We live in an age of dress and show. The church and the world vie with each other in the display of finery, and the spiritual senses of multitudes of professed Christians are smothered in silks and satins. The wearing of costly apparel, the display of fine ribbons, gold ear-rings, frizzes, and bangs that hide the beauty of womanhood, an apology for a bonnet propped on the back of the head, and flashy gew-gaws, steal away the affections from God, send leanness into the soul, and, instead of a full, round, deep and abiding experience, a shallow, sentimental utterance is substituted in the class and experience meetings. Is it any wonder that hundreds of our people backslide? Even the children imbibe this spirit. Said a little girl to us last Sabbath when interrogated as to her absence from Sabbath-school, "I had n't my spring bonnet." There are hundreds of professed Christian parents who not only do nothing to check this growing tendency among their children, but cultivate it both by example and precept. That such indulgences are baneful to our church needs no argument. Poverty toward God and forfeiture of eternal life, are the inevitable and final results.—*Conference Worker*.

The Review and Herald.

"Sanctify them through Thy Truth: Thy Word is Truth."

BATTLE CREEK, MICH., MAY 10, 1881

JAMES WHITE, Editor.
J. N. ANDREWS, Associate Editor.
U. SMITH, Resident Editor.

THE WATER OF LIFE.

WATER is abundant. More than two-thirds of the earth's surface is water. Pure water is one of the choicest blessings of this life. Cold water in the heat of summer is a luxury. "As cold waters to a thirsty soul, so is good news from a far country." Prov. 25: 25. "As the hart panteth after the water brooks, so panteth my soul after thee, O God." Ps. 42: 1. The pure waters course down the mountains, pass up the trees, and enter into all things possessing vegetable life.

Water is used as a figure of the blessings which Christ offers to the needy. "Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, and he that hath no money, come ye, buy and eat; yea, come, buy wine and milk without money and without price." Isa. 55: 1. "Whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst; but the water that I shall give him shall be in him a well of water springing up into everlasting life." John 4: 14. "In the last day, that great day of the feast, Jesus stood and cried, saying, If any man thirst, let him come unto me, and drink." John 7: 37.

But the water of life in the restitution, free from the taint of decay, is the subject of this article. "And he showed me a pure river of water of life, clear as crystal, proceeding out of the throne of God and of the Lamb. In the midst of the street of it, and on either side of the river was there the tree of life." Rev. 22: 1, 2. In close connection with the river of life is the tree of life. This tree was in Eden before the fall. Gen. 2: 9. The tree of life will be in the city of God, when redemption shall be completed. The river of life flows from the throne of God and of the Lamb. On either side of the river is the tree of life. Similar to the banyan tree, it has a trunk on each side of the river of life, uniting above, the river flowing through the arch.

Christ, the Revelator, says of the saved, "Blessed are they that do his commandments, that they may have right to the tree of life, and may enter in through the gates into the city." Rev. 22: 14.

The city of God, with its foundations of precious stones, its gates of pearl, its gold-paved streets, its river and tree of life, and its eternal repose, invites the pilgrims who are bending their lonely footsteps in the weary path to life eternal. Its open gates welcome the fainting and thirsty. "And the Spirit and the bride say, Come. And let him that heareth say, Come. And let him that is athirst come. And whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely." Rev. 22: 17.

In the marriage of the Lamb, a future event, and one closely connected with the establishment of the eternal kingdom, the holy city is the bride. Through the telescope of faith, Abraham saw the city. "He looked for a city which hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God." Heb. 11: 10. He saw the city at the termination of the path of light and hope, in all its dazzling glory, virtually saying to him, Come.

The tender mother spreads out her hands in the most inviting manner to her child, and in a voice softened and tuned by maternal love, says, Come. There is power in that inviting call. So with Jerusalem which is above, "which is the mother of us all." Gal. 4: 26. Her precious foundations, her towering walls, her pearly gates, her golden streets, her tree and river of life, say, Come, with a voice that cheers and refreshes the weary travelers to their eternal home.

Oh, the city of our God! the tree and river of life! To enter its shining gates, to walk its golden streets,

to gather around the tree of life and partake of its fruits, to look into the open face of our adorable Redeemer, to see the numberless white-robed ones, to hear the hallelujahs from holy angels and redeemed saints, and with the golden cup of God to drink from the crystal, flowing river of life!

"Oh! how I long to see that day
When the redeemed shall come
To Zion, clad in white array—
Their blissful, happy home.

"To hear the alleluias roll
From the unnumbered throng,
And with a Heaven-enraptured soul
To join redemption's song.

"Jerusalem I long to see,
Blest city of my King;
And eat the fruit of life's fair tree,
And hear the bloodwashed sing.

"My longing heart cries out, Oh, come!
Creation groans for thee!
The weary pilgrim sighs, Oh, come!
Bring immortality!"

J. W.

VISIT TO ILLINOIS.

In company with Elder Steward, we left our home the 6th at one o'clock in the morning, and reached Onarga, Ill., the place of meeting, a little past noon. Though weary, and feeling the want of sleep, we spoke in the Baptist house of worship in the evening. The brethren seemed edified and comforted. Spoke twice on the Sabbath. Here we were happy to meet Elders R. F. Andrews and Johns, and brethren Cleaves, Gros, and others.

We enjoyed some of the most precious seasons of prayer with these and other brethren and sisters at the hospitable home of brother and sister Tait. The melting presence and power of the Lord was with us in a remarkable manner. Elder Steward spoke in the evening following the Sabbath, also first-day afternoon, and we enjoyed freedom and great comfort in addressing the people in the morning and in the evening.

We are happy to know that we left the brethren in the enjoyment of that good cheer which the precious word and Spirit of God impart to the trusting ones. They express a desire that Elder Canright, Mrs. W., and the writer attend their camp-meeting as early as the second week in September.

We left brother Tait's at 4 A. M., the 9th, and reached our table, where we are penning these hasty lines at 3 P. M. God is good.

J. W.

PARENTAL RESPONSIBILITY.

[From *Les Signes des Temps*.]

Prov. 22: 6: "Train up a child in the way he should go; and when he is old, he will not depart from it."

The first thing requisite on the part of parents in order that they may discharge their duty toward their children, is that their own example should be right. Good instruction must be illustrated and enforced by good example. Solomon says that a child properly trained by his parents will not go astray from the right path in mature life. If this be true, how great is the responsibility of parents; and how general must be the neglect on the part of parents, when we see such vast numbers of the young crowding the broad road that leads to death.

Our own observation teaches us that the sins of the parents are generally reproduced in the lives of the children. When the parents are liars, the children are almost sure to be such. When the parents are dishonest, the children are very certain to follow in their steps. When licentiousness is manifested in the lives of the parents, it is almost certain that the children will lead dissolute lives. Every person who has given attention to these things knows something of the ruin brought upon children by the evil example of wicked parents.

Now let us consider the effect of right teaching and good example on the part of parents that fear God. St. Paul bids parents train up their children in the

nurture and admonition of the Lord. Eph. 6: 4. But this requires the utmost care and vigilance, and the largest measure of the grace of God. This work must commence with the first dawn of intelligence in the mind of the child. The mother of Moses laid the foundation of his future excellence and greatness during the period of his infancy, before she was obliged to intrust him to the care of Pharaoh's daughter.

The cases of Samuel, of John the Baptist, and of Timothy, are examples of what may be done by parents for their children in their early life. 1 Sam. 1: 20-28; Luke 1: 13-15; 2 Tim. 1: 5, 3, 15. The first five years of a child's life present the golden opportunity for parental instruction. Children can be taught lessons concerning God and Christ, concerning repentance, and concerning the way to the kingdom of God, during these early years, and these lessons will never be forgotten. Some children, if neglected during this period, cannot afterward be reached. The second five years, however, is a period during which most children can be reached. But what wisdom from God is needed on the part of the parents! What tenderness of spirit should be manifested by them! and how necessary it is that they should be intimately acquainted with the excellences of the Christian religion, in order that they may win the hearts of their children to Christ! If the children be neglected during this second period of five years, many of them will have come permanently under the influence of Satan, and will have passed forever from under the influence of their parents. Those who have neglected their children till they have entered upon their third period of five years, will find that in many cases evil passions have become firmly established, and that rebellion against God has become so inwrought in their nature that they can probably never be reached.

We may say in a word that the first fifteen or eighteen years of early life passed beneath the parental roof, determine the character of the future man, and the decision will be found to be for good or for evil, according as the example and teaching of the parents has been on the side of God or on the side of Satan. God gives notice in the second commandment that he holds parents responsible for the example which they set before their children, announcing that he will not interfere to prevent their evil example from being imitated by their descendants to their ruin. Ex. 20: 5, 6.

Now let us inquire, Whence comes it that so large a proportion of our fellow-men are drunkards? The answer is too obvious to be disputed. The most of these drunkards were made such by the evil example and pernicious influence of their parents. This is severe language, but it is the severity of truth. Did the parents say to their children at any time that drunkenness would bring credit to the family and honor to the drunkard in particular? Did they teach their children that drunkards were among the most useful and influential citizens of the country? Did they teach them that redness of eyes and countenance and trembling of the limbs were marks of respectability, which insured the esteem of all beholders? Did the parents instruct their children that nothing was more for their credit than to be "mighty to drink wine, and men of strength to mingle strong drink"? Did they tell them that there was no family so much to be envied as the family of the drunkard? and that there was no end so honorable as that which follows a life of drunkenness? And did these parents assure their children that no class of persons was so sure to inherit the kingdom of God as the drunkard?

The answer to all these questions is not difficult. No one of these things was ever taught these persons by their parents. Had they spoken thus to their children, some of them, at least, would have taken warning. What did the parents do to lay the foundation for the ruin of their children? First, they taught them by their example that the habitual use of intoxicating liquors is something necessary to the well-being of those who are in good health. They did not say that it was well to get drunk, but very necessary to use a

moderate quantity of intoxicating liquor; for this would be equally beneficial whether it were the heat or the cold that was excessive. But they were not content merely to set this example before their children. The children themselves must drink. Even very young children must have intoxicating liquor placed in their mouths. And so, oftentimes against the will of the child, an appetite for such drink is created where none existed before.

They taught their children that it is safe and beneficial to drink such liquors, if it be done with moderation. There is no standard to tell what the word moderation signifies, except the appetite of the individual drinker; and that appetite steadily increases its demand, till those who set out as moderate drinkers find themselves completely under the power of strong drink.

We address ourselves now to parents who fear God. Are you willing that your children should set their feet in the path that leads direct to the drunkard's grave? Are you willing by your example to teach your children that it is a good thing to habitually use strong drink? and dare you take the responsibility of creating in them a thirst for such things? We will do you the justice to believe that such cannot be the case. Teach your children, then, that if they never take the first step in the path that leads to ruin, they will never be in danger of the terrible fate of the drunkard. When you have done this, set them the example of total abstinence from all that can intoxicate. If you would teach your children to walk in the right path, you must walk in that path yourself.

J. N. A.

WHAT USE DO YOU MAKE OF THEM?

THERE are many who will say that they believe the prophecies of Scripture, who do not recognize the fulfillment of those which have been fulfilled in the most obvious manner. Such faith can be of no practical use. But there are those who can point out the fulfillment of the great lines of prophecy which describe the great kingdoms of the earth in their order of succession, from the reign of ancient Babylon down to the divided state of the Roman empire. These profess faith, not only a vague faith in the truth of prophecy, but a definite faith in its fulfillment.

To this class I address the question, What use do you make of the prophecies of Rev. 13: 11-18, and 14: 9-12? As these are prophecies which evidently relate to the very close of our world's history, and the coming of Christ, no others are of greater importance. Here the last persecution of the church is described; and also the last warning, by heeding of which we may stand in this last persecution and escape the unmingled wrath of God which is to follow. All ought to understand these prophecies. What use do you make of them?

You have learned from the prophecies of Daniel and of Revelation, that a beast is a symbol of some great earthly dominion. Hence the beast with two horns like a lamb, represents some remarkable government of earth existing in the last days, and which is to act a conspicuous part in the closing scene of the earth's drama. You believe we are near the close of time. Believing the fulfillment of these lines of consecutive prophecy, you cannot doubt it. What government, then, is described under the symbol of the two-horned beast?

There is to be a conflict on earth which has not yet been seen. An image of the papal beast will demand that all shall worship that beast, or suffer deprivation of common rights, and even death itself. On the other hand, we are forewarned of God, by a special proclamation, that if we do yield to the demands of the image, by worshiping the beast and his image, and receiving his mark, we shall drink of the wine of the wrath of God without mixture. This test has never come upon men in any age of the world; but the prophecy being sure, it must come. And it will come just before the coming of Christ, as symbolized by one

like the Son of man upon the white cloud, with a sickle in his hand to reap the harvest of the earth. You believe that the coming of Christ is at the door. By the prophecies and promised signs fulfilled, you know it is so. But what will you do with these predictions of the word of God? Will earth's history close, and the grand consummating event come, and they have no fulfillment? Will the "loud voice" of the last message not be heard at all? Impossible! The last warning will be heard by those who have ears to hear. And who knows that it is not already in the world?

There are those who believe that it is. They are found in almost, if not quite, every State and Territory in our Union. There are some in the British Isles, in almost every country of Europe, in Egypt, Australia, and the islands of the Pacific. They are distinguished by the characteristics given in the prophecy; namely, "Here is the patience of the saints. Here are they that keep the commandments of God and the faith of Jesus." In patience and expectation they are waiting for the return of the Lord, while they acknowledge their obligation to keep every commandment of the moral law of God, and every precept taught by Jesus Christ as obedience to the gospel.

The worship and mark of the beast are, in the prophecy, put in contrast with the keeping of the commandments of God and the faith of Jesus. Hence we know that this worship and mark are directly opposed to these commandments and faith; and therefore those who keep these, will not worship the beast nor receive his mark.

The present work, which is believed to be the fulfillment of the promised message, from a small beginning over thirty years ago, is now spreading over the whole earth. Besides being proclaimed by word of mouth, it is being published by the press from four or five different points, and in seven or eight different languages. My brother, my sister, is not this the message promised in the word of God? If not, we shall be obliged to wait for another. If this is not genuine, how shall we know the genuine, when it shall come?

R. F. COTTRELL.

THE CAUSE IN ENGLAND.

[The following report came too late to be used in the Tract-society Department, hence we give it a place in these columns.—Ed.]

THE quarterly meeting of the National Tract and Missionary Society of Great Britain is just passed. The report of labor for this quarter is as follows:—

No. of members, 27; No. that reported, 16; No. of families visited, 1,389; No. of letters sent out, 4,275; No. of letters received, 222; No. of new subscribers obtained, 28.

No. of pages of tracts and pamphlets loaned,	18,925
“ “ “ “ “ “ “ “ given away,	14,883
“ “ “ “ “ “ “ “ sold,	8,181
Total,	41,989
No. of periodicals sent by post,	8,903
“ otherwise distributed,	1,218
“ sold,	581
Total,	10,702
Amount of money received from book sales,	\$34.50
By donations to society,	2.05
Total,	\$36.55
No. of ships visited,	108

In the number of papers and letters posted, and in letters and subscriptions received, this report is an improvement over that of last quarter. We hope to do still better during the quarter on which we have just entered.

The few who have reported have been quite busy. As the weather becomes more favorable, we hope to see more engaging in this work. Should this be the case, we may hope for improvement in other branches of the missionary work.

Since my last report, we have received many interesting letters from those to whom we have sent copies of the *Signs of the Times*. I can quote only from a few of the many.

One person writing from Kent, who has been read-

ing the *Signs* a few weeks, says, "I beg to express my satisfaction with the contents of the *Signs of the Times*."

Another, from near Canterbury, who has been reading for a year, writes: "How thankful I am that you are so kind as to send me the *Signs*. I have read the Bible all my days, but I have learned more of it through reading the *Signs* than ever I knew before in all the fourscore years I have lived. The Bible is so nicely explained in the *Signs*. I continue to make one paper do for two or three families, by changing them about, and then I mail them to my friends living round about in the towns. I give them your address, so if they wish, they can subscribe for the paper. Please inform me the price per year. I do not expect at my age to be in this world much longer, and I want to do what good I can."

One writing from Northamptonshire, says: "I am very much pleased, with the *Signs of the Times*; but there is one little fault, so it seems to me, and that is the papers contain rather old news when they arrive here; but I suppose that is to be accounted for by the distance they have to come."

Another, writing from Essex, says: "It gives me much pleasure to read the *Signs of the Times*, so kindly sent me, and to show my appreciation of the same. I enclose stamps for subscription, in order to have the continued pleasure of perusing your paper."

One from Berkshire, enclosing a year's subscription, says, "I am much pleased with your paper, and I will do all I can for you by circulating it among my friends."

Another, enclosing pay for the paper, says, "I find the *Signs* very profitable reading. There is a high Christian tone about the articles that pleases me much. I have not yet been able to consider the subject that you have taken up, namely, the personality of the devil, but I hope to do so with a desire to get clear and truthful views on a subject I have found difficult to understand."

We have only room to quote one more this time. It is from one who writes to renew his subscription, and says: "I have read your letters respecting Mr. R. Robert's lectures with considerable interest. I am very glad you have so ably confuted those erroneous ideas, which cannot but proceed from his too vivid imagination. I wish everybody could read them; for I am led to believe that, though he may do it ignorantly, he has been the means of driving a great many believers over to Mr. Bradlaugh's views."*

We give these letters only as a sample of the words of good cheer that come in to encourage us in this branch of our work.

The 12th of April we had the pleasure of a half hour's conversation with Bro. Matteson on the steamer Neckar, which made a halt in Southampton waters, on its way to Bremen from New York. We were glad to see his face once more, but should have enjoyed it still more if he could have spent a week or more with us. Sister Bertha Stein, from Oakland, California, left the same steamer, and tarried with us a day here at Southampton. She was on her way to visit her native home in Germany. She hopes to get some of her friends interested in present truth.

J. N. LOUGHBOROUGH.

HOW TO STOP THEM.

SOME churches are so unfortunate as to have one or more members who constitute themselves a vigilance committee to watch for, and report weekly in the social meetings, all the darkness and all the failings which they can gather up from the whole church during the week. Out of this material, a long, dry, death-in-the-pot testimony is inflicted upon the poor helpless church. These persons think they are doing God service. Of course they do; would not the whole church go to ruin if it were not for these constant warnings? So they think; but others think differently.

I have recently discovered a way to shorten up these testimonies marvelously. Just ask these croakers to tell how much they love the brethren and how much joy and peace they have in believing, and you will find that they are through before they have begun. Their trade does not run in that line. Personal religion, the love of Christ in their own souls, peace with God, and kindness and tenderness toward their fellow-mortals, they know but little about. They are greatly distressed over mint, anise, and cummin, while they pass over justice, mercy, and the love of God,—"strain at a gnat and swallow a camel."

D. M. CANRIGHT.

* Mr. Bradlaugh is the Atheistical member of Parliament from Northampton.

SUNBEAMS.

O LOVELY, gracious sunbeams! How cheering is their light!
They gild with radiant beauty each scene that meets our
sight,
Now dancing in the streamlets that flow like molten gold,
Now dancing in the dewdrops that leaves and flower-cups
hold.

They give the trees their luster; they paint the lovely flowers,
Infusing joy and gladness through all life's fleeting hours;
They clothe the varied landscape with beauties so profuse,
And spread o'er all creation such rich and charming hues.

But clouds may shroud their brightness, their charms may
not endure;

Dark night will draw his curtain, those beauties to obscure;
But oh, there are bright sunbeams that ever shed their light
From God, the source unfailling; they shine from Zion's
height.

The Lamb that makes the Heaven, himself its light and bliss:
But will his heavenly brightness shine in a world like this?
Oh, yes; I've seen those sunbeams shine amid the deepest
gloom

Of this low vale of sorrow, e'en in the open tomb!

I've seen the glory shining in the lone mourner's tears;
I've seen the blessed halo on brows of fourscore years!
Mid age, disease, and anguish, I've seen its radiance shine,—
In poverty, bereavement,—when earth's hopes all decline.

I've seen its hallowed lustre light up the death-dimm'd eye
With more than sunlight splendor from an unclouded sky;
Amid dissolving nature, when life's light doth depart,
That radiance, never-falling, shines in the Christian's heart.

O Christ, our Sun, all glorious! Thy blessed beams divine,
When suns and systems vanish, still evermore will shine;
And happy countless millions, saved through thy precious
blood,

Thy radiant beams reflecting, will shine in thy abode.

When we shall "change from glory to glory," up on high,
Amid the brighter splendors above the azure sky,
Lost in that sea of glory,—the brightness of thy face,—
With rapture we'll adore thee in never-ceasing praise.

—Mrs. Mary D. James.

Progress of the Cause.

"He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him." Ps. 126:6.

NEBRASKA.

Silver Creek, Merrick Co., April 28.—There was a church organized at this place the 18th, consisting of eleven members. Nine were baptized. More will unite soon.

A church was organized at Columbus, the 23d, consisting of fourteen members. Thirteen were baptized.
A. J. CUDNEY.

MICHIGAN.

Hartwick, Osceola Co.—April 23 and 24, the Disciple minister spoke against us on the law, Sabbath, and state of the dead. We reviewed his discourses, and the result has been favorable for the cause. I have since baptized twelve, and organized a church of thirteen members. May God bless these brethren, that they may be an honor to his cause and make sure work in overcoming.
D. A. WELLMAN.

Headland, May 5.

Cedar Lake, Montcalm Co., April 28.—For the last three months I have resided at this place, and have held meetings regularly at 10:30 A. M. on the Sabbath, and 7:30 on Sunday evening. As a result, the attendance at the prayer-meetings has about doubled, and two brethren who had long been on the back-ground, formed new resolutions to live for God; they bear cheerful testimonies in the meetings, and this encourages us and does us good. The outside interest is quite good, and some deeply feel their need of Christ. The outlook is hopeful.
O. SOULE.

Cedar Dale, Sanilac Co., May 2.—The organization of the church at this place was completed yesterday by Eld. R. J. Lawrence. The church consists of thirteen members. An elder and a deacon were ordained, and two persons were baptized. Others were received on their former baptism.

This is the first Seventh-day Adventist church organized in this county, and we know of but two others who are keeping the Sabbath here. We hope and pray that this little church will be as a city set on a hill, that cannot be hid,—a light that will attract others to the truth of God.

There is a call for labor at White Rock, Huron Co., and Bro. Lawrence will go there immediately, to learn the facts and begin labor if it is the Lord's will.
ALBERT WEEKS.

Quincy.—Sabbath and Sunday, April 30 and May 1, I was with the church at Quincy. Had a good attendance of the Sabbath-keepers and some from without. We enjoyed good freedom in preaching the word, and had an excellent social meeting. All seemed much encouraged. We were glad to find the debt on their house all paid, the church in harmony, and things generally in a much better condition than when I was here before. Then they were struggling under a debt of about \$1,000 on a small house, severe trials in the church, etc.

In my report at that time I mentioned the case of an old Sabbath-keeper, not a member of the church, as having gotten them into trial, failing to fulfill what he had led them to expect financially, etc. As he claimed that I did him injustice, the case was examined at this time; and though he failed to show a single item untrue, I confessed to have erred in publishing the matter through the REVIEW instead of going to him with it personally, and in giving too much weight to the general reports against him.

We are strongly urged by the church to return and hold a course of meetings here, as the way seems open for a good work to be done.
D. M. CANRIGHT.

MISSOURI.

Union Point.—We have just held a two-days' meeting with this church, about eight miles from the Point, at Flat Rock, where we have held meetings occasionally for about a year. Here we also met strong opposition last July from Eld. Vaughn (Methodist) and others. Nevertheless, the truth has been steadily gaining ground. Upon receiving baptism, seven united with the church, six of whom were heads of families. Others are interested, for whom we feel hopeful if the brethren there continue faithful, as we believe they will. We desire to walk humbly with God.
J. G. WOOD.

KANSAS.

Alta, April 25.—God has abundantly blessed the word spoken here, and made it quick and powerful. Many who had long been backslidden rejoice in a new hope; some who had given up to despair now trust in God; and the influence of the Holy Spirit sweetens the prayer and conference meetings. Five more have accepted the sure covenant, and the company now numbers twenty-six. About \$25 worth of books have been sold, and \$35 worth of periodicals taken. Weekly prayer-meetings have been established, and a Sabbath-school of forty members has been organized. The lessons in the *Instructor* are used. They have a good tract society. Teetotal temperance principles have been adopted. Some who have not embraced the truth are almost persuaded.

I now go to Clarion, Sedgwick Co. Pray for the company at Alta, and for me.
G. H. ROGERS.

Salina, April 26.—Held meetings with the brethren and sisters here over Sabbath and first-day, April 16, 17. We found this church in great need of labor. The Spirit of the Lord impressed the hearts of the brethren and sisters with the solemn truths presented, and they made an effort to rally from their position. Sabbath morning ten members of the church and seven others came forward to seek the Lord more fully. After prayer, all testified of their determination to press the battle to the gate and gain the victory. Sister Wilson, aged eighty-two, an old soldier of the cross, who for forty-five years was a Methodist, and for twenty years has been a Seventh-day Adventist, gave in a testimony so filled with hope and courage that it cheered the hearts of all present.

We were sorry to be obliged to leave so soon. Many of the members of this church had moved away, and those left had discontinued their meetings, but they will now resume them. When we left, the church was of much better courage, and we hope they will press the good work they have begun. The sermon Sunday afternoon was followed by a lively social meeting, in which all took part. They wept over their past condition, promising to make a determined effort in the future to live acceptably before God.
J. H. COOK.
M. AND H. ENOCH.

ALABAMA.

Washington Co., April 27.—In company with Eld. Taylor, held meetings in this county the fourth Sabbath and Sunday in March, and remained until the first Sabbath and Sunday in April. A church of ten members was organized, and a leader appointed. They have also a Sabbath-school, provided with the necessary officers. Their church building, which is

nearly completed, is a very good one for this country.

We met with them again on the third Sabbath and first-day in April. The people turned out quite generally, and our meetings were good. Eld. Taylor baptized nine persons; and two others who were not prepared for baptism, will unite with them in church fellowship at Eld. Taylor's next appointment. On the 8th of May, I start for Gadsden and Atalla in the northern part of the State, where Eld. Burrill and myself labored three years ago. Some fruit of that labor still remains; and I hope, by the help of God, to accomplish good. Eld. Taylor starts to-morrow for Mississippi, where I have been laboring some time. Pray for the prosperity of the cause in Alabama and Mississippi.
J. M. ELLIOTT.

ILLINOIS.

Belvidere and Rockford.—The State T. and M. quarterly meeting was held at Belvidere. Elds. Andrews and Ballenger were present. Sixteen copies of the *Signs* were taken. The Sabbath was well spent, and will be long remembered as a time when the Lord came very near his people. In the afternoon, after a brief, searching discourse by Eld. Andrews, the church unanimously, for the first time, celebrated all the ordinances. Many wept, and all expressed gratitude to God that they had been permitted to be the recipients of the happiness spoken of in John 13:17. Some who have been in the service of God for many years said it was the best meeting they ever attended. An elder and deacon were ordained.

The work at Rockford is progressing. The Lord gave freedom in presenting his word. Two have lately embraced the truth, as the result of careful, vigilant work. Others are interested, and, we hope, will soon obey. The friends here try to interest their neighbors, and when a minister is to be present, they do all they can to secure their attendance. There is a great work to be done in Rockford, and if the little company are faithful in letting their light shine, others will accept the truth who will add to their crown of rejoicing in the kingdom of God.

Let us seek the Lord as never before.

A. A. JOHN.

UPPER COLUMBIA.

DEAR REVIEW: To thee I have not spoken for some time; nevertheless I have not forgotten thee. No! faithfully dost thou perform thy long journey to the Northwest.

Then quick, at our meeting,
The accents of greeting
Are, "Good! another REVIEW!
Now let some one read,
While others give heed
To words quite faithful and true."

Although we of the Upper Columbia Conference are away back at the "rear corner of Uncle Sam's dominion," surrounded by great mountain ranges, old Diabolus has not been willing to pass us by; we therefore have our portion of his buffetings, "common to man; but God is faithful."

Recently I closed a series of services near Milton, Oregon, where ten promised to keep the truth; but I fear for some of them. Three were immersed. The weather is very fine. Our health (Mrs. C.'s and mine) is good, and anew we bow ourselves to the work.
G. W. COLCORD.

MINNESOTA.

Golden Gate, Homestead, and Granite Falls.—At the time of my last report, I was south of Mankato. The Lord blessed us much there. Six persons promised to live for God and keep all his commandments. They all subscribed for our papers.

From the 1st of April to the 20th, I labored with the church at Golden Gate. I spoke seventeen times in different places, and visited them all at their homes. It was difficult to get around at first on account of the deep snow, and at last there was high water. We had many good seasons. I feel more and more that if the churches would prosper, they must have spiritual food; and if they are to have it, the ministers who labor among them must live near to God. The language of my heart is, "Nearer, my God, to thee." Two who had given up the truth were disfellowshipped. Myself and wife joined this church. One member was added to the T. and M. society, and one to the H. and T. society.

We organized a Sabbath-school at Homestead. Tithes were paid to the amount of \$62.00.

Sabbath, the 16th, I spoke in the forenoon to our American brethren at Golden Gate. We had a good meeting. It had been a long time since a minister had visited them, but they were of good courage, and

had kept up Sabbath meetings and prayer-meetings all winter.

Last night, April 21, I came to Granite Falls and found the few brethren here holding to the truth. I stay here to the 26th, and then go to Artichoke.

Will the friends of the truth pray that the grace of God may be with us in a rich degree?

L. JOHNSON.

RHODE ISLAND.

Labor among the Churches.—We commenced meetings at Green Hill, April 2. Had an interesting session of the Sabbath-school at ten A. M., and preaching at eleven. Administration of the ordinances followed. This was a precious season to the little company in attendance. We continued meetings during the week, with a good prayer and social meeting at six each evening.

On the 9th and 10th, we attended the district quarterly meeting at Curtis Corner. On Sabbath the La Fayette and Green Hill churches were well represented. On first-day a good degree of interest was manifested in business pertaining to the advancement of the cause in Rhode Island. Bro. Buzzell from Providence was with us and assisted with his counsel.

We found that the T. and M. society was \$35 in debt; and \$25.92 of this was pledged, and nearly all paid, with the understanding that the society should hereafter keep out of debt by always sending the money with orders for tracts or books.

On the 14th, we resumed our meetings at Green Hill. Before their close, the following first-day, two were baptized, and six received into the church. The V. M. society find interested readers, and are much encouraged in their work. Finally, the church are much encouraged in the Lord.

April 19, commenced meetings with the church at La Fayette, and remained there nearly a week. We tried to show the church the importance of cultivating *faith, love, and benevolence*; and of seeking meekness and righteousness that they may be hid in the day of the Lord. In harmony with the counsel given them by Elds. Haskell and Canright, the church chose officers, and all pledged to pay their tithes. Organized a Sabbath-school, and sent for twelve copies of the *Instructor*. Also renewed their club subscription for the *Signs*. Found the V. M. society of good courage to work on. May God bless the sisters at La Fayette. We believe brighter days are in store for them. We visited every Sabbath-keeping family, and found some who do not take the REVIEW. We think they will soon.

The Lord willing, I will meet with them again the third Sabbath in May. By request, I will also meet with the church at Niantic the fourth Sabbath.

I. SANBORN.

WEST VIRGINIA.

The cause in this State demands united effort on the part of those who love God and keep his commandments. Owing to circumstances beyond our control, it moves slowly; yet in the mercy and goodness of God I can see the silver lining to the dark cloud. I have labored diligently under trying circumstances, having failed to meet but one appointment,—that of the quarterly meeting in Wood county. I traveled two days toward it through mud, and the second day I faced a blinding snow-storm. The snow continued for seven days in succession, and rendered traveling very difficult, as the deepest mud, as well as the solid rock, was hidden.

I held meetings at the Hufftown school-house; these were tolerably well attended, and there was good attention and the best of order. Two decided to keep the Sabbath, and others were prompted to investigate. The whole community is stirred.

I also gave two discourses near Spencer, at the Miller school-house. The hearts of some of the old friends were warmed, and they saw the glories of revelation as never before.

From thence I went to Jackson county and held six meetings at Duff's school-house; but on account of sickness these were not so well attended as I had expected. Still the interest was excellent, and the result encouraging, several deciding to obey the truth. They are Adventists.

I also preached at the Garret school-house on my return, on fifth-day eve. Had great freedom.

I was invited in by some strangers as I was passing their house, the husband, wife, and daughter coming out to the road. I went in and spent an hour with them. They were students of the word of God, and I had no difficulty in speaking of the blessed truths so sacred to the remnant church. I left them enjoying the influence of the love of God, and resumed my journey to Round Knob, where I am holding meet-

ings now. There is great excitement over religious subjects, and I hope it is the healthful kind.

There is great scarcity of grain and feed of all kinds, and the times are very hard. As a consequence, I have not received much aid by way of donations in money, and do not expect much. Some friends have promised provisions for my little family. Pray for the weak ones in this State, who are so scattered that they cannot organize.

J. R. S. MOWREY.

Shambling's Mills, April 24.

A RETROSPECT.

I HAVE just returned home after an absence of nearly three months spent in wearing labor, most of the time holding two meetings per day. Though worn and weary, I never was of better courage in the Lord. It seems to me that I never labored when the Lord seemed so anxious to bless his people as at the present time. In most of our meetings he has done far more for his people than our weak faith was prepared to claim. Thus we have been rebuked for our lack of faith. How true is the language found in Testimony to the Church, Nos. 1-11, p. 53: "His power, I saw, would be just as freely bestowed now as formerly. [Oh, how this has cheered my poor heart!] It is the church of God that have lost their faith to claim, and their energy to wrestle as did Jacob, and cry, 'I will not let thee go except thou bless me.' Enduring faith has been dying out. It must be revived in the hearts of God's people. There must be a claiming of the blessing of God."

Our people generally are far from God. But the Lord says, "Return unto me, and I will return unto you." Many have been the witnesses of his faithfulness in this respect during our labors the past winter; also to the truth of the additional promise: "I will heal all thy backslidings." Brethren and sisters, courage in the Lord. Draw nigh to God, and he will draw nigh to you. Obtain the victory over your besetments, over your passions. Then maintain the same through the precious name of Jesus. "His grace is sufficient for the weakest." Again Read Testimony, Nos. 1-11, p. 86: "They should not be satisfied till every known sin is confessed; then it is their privilege and duty to believe Jesus accepts them." Ponder this, brethren. Follow the instructions given, and become the Lord's free men.

My friends may address me for the present at Ft. Scott, Kan., Box 69.

J. H. COOK.

Our Tract Societies.

"And he said unto them, Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature." Mark 16: 7.

—A little while to labor,
A little while to wait,
A time to bear the burden
Outside the dear home-gate;
A little more of fighting,
A little more of loss,
Of fainting, yet pursuing,
Beneath the heavy cross;
And then the toil is over,
And then the rest is near,
And God's good land with its
happy band
Shines soft and clear.

FROM THE SOUTH.

It is well known that during the past few years many of our publications have been sent South. Some, perhaps, have felt that this, to a large extent, was labor lost. At the present time, however, there are indications which show that the spirit of inquiry has been aroused all through that part of the country. In every State there are those who are keeping the Sabbath, and actively engaged in disseminating the light of truth, as far as their circumstances will permit.

The eagerness with which some are searching to find the truth, and a people who are exemplifying its teachings in their lives, is truly affecting. With such, a tract, a paper, or even something less than either of these, is often sufficient to secure a careful investigation which results in their acceptance of the truth.

A letter was recently received at the REVIEW Office from a gentleman in Georgia, who first learned of us as a people, and of our belief, by means of a circular issued to agents. He writes to make farther inquiries, and in his letter, states his own views. Accepting the Bible as the Christian's only rule of action, he believes that there is one faith, one Lord, one baptism; that the moral law has not been abrogated, as he understands some to teach; that the seventh day is the

Sabbath, and that man, in claiming inherent immortality claims for himself that which belongs to God. He says that for these views he has been cut off from the church to which he belonged, and delivered over to Satan, as his brethren think, for the destruction of the flesh. He also says that if there is a people advocating the apostolic creed and doctrines, he wishes to find and unite with them. There are others in that place who believe as he does, and want help. He is confident that the words of Christ concerning his church, that the gates of hell should not prevail against it, must prove true, and although he may never see a church like the first church or churches, he cannot cease to hope and wait for a time when such a church shall exist.

M. L. H.

"LO, I AM WITH YOU ALWAYS."

BY M. WOOD.

PRECIOUS indeed are the promises contained in the word of God for his faithful children. And to the tired pilgrim there is no greater promise than the one which heads this article. Although rudely tossed upon time's tempestuous ocean, and often ready to sink beneath the heavy burdens of life, the cheering voice is heard, saying, "Lo, I am with you alway;" "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." But to realize under all circumstances of trial and affliction, in every hour of weakness and weariness, and above all in the darkest hour of sore temptation, the constant, abiding presence of One who is ever willing to help and able to deliver,—to grasp, and to hold, and to rest with calmness upon the faithful promises, and feel ourselves borne above the adverse current, is certainly one of the highest attainments of Christian experience.

That one has walked far in the pathway of self-denial, been a ready and patient learner in God's school of discipline, been made acquainted with the furnace heat and hammer-stroke, who can bravely and cheerfully turn away from the seen and temporal, and, trusting in the unseen and eternal, walk step by step in the path of love and duty, sustained alone by Him who is indeed a very present help in time of trouble. Enoch walked with God for three hundred years. And in this enlightened age, it is the exalted privilege of every disciple of Christ to walk hand in hand with the Holy One of Israel. Though our sins have hid God's face from us, the blood of Christ cleanseth from all sin. Through its merits we are taken into favor with God. Blessed, indeed, is the plan of salvation, and I feel to exclaim with the poet,—

"I'm glad salvation's free!
Salvation's free for you and me;
I'm glad salvation's free!"

Many will persist in thinking that this state of feeling, this experience of faith and confiding trust in a present Saviour, is and can be the position of only here and there one of God's chosen and favored ones. God is no respecter of persons. He intends that his children shall share alike in the grace that is freely offered to all. But we are not so often deprived of this abiding peace and favor because we may not enjoy it as because we do not choose to come up to the requirements of God's word, set our affections on things above, rise to a higher plane of life and activity in the Master's cause, seek a clearer apprehension of his purpose concerning us, and the necessary discipline through which we must pass before we can truly enjoy the blessings God designs to give.

It is the privilege—why not then the duty?—of every child of God to drink in so deeply of the spirit of divine love and joy as to feel the utter insignificance of the things which perish, and be willing to part with them all, if need be, in order to secure for himself and others over whom he may have an influence, a portion in the inheritance which is incorruptible. Jesus said, "My meat is to do the will of Him that sent me, and to finish his work," and in sending forth his disciples he said, "Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world."

Dear reader, are you not willing to deny self, to bear burdens, make sacrifices, suffer affliction and persecution, if need be, for the privilege of having the precious Saviour, the sympathizing Jesus, to accompany you upon your missions of mercy, and to strengthen you in your labors of love? When we are sure it is the purpose of our lives to do his work and not our own, we may rely upon his promise, and never feel forsaken by our elder Brother, however straitened our condition. A recollection of the "present help" will keep our souls in peace, though flesh and heart may fail.

Courage, then, stricken, smitten, afflicted one! In the storm that is passing over thee, a Father's hand is at the helm. And more than this, a Father's eye

ceived from those to whom papers have been sent.

Brethren, let us wake up, and go about our Master's business, humbly, and in the fear of the Lord.

WM. FLOWERS.

INDIANA TRACT SOCIETY.

REPORT FOR QUARTER ENDING APRIL 1, 1881.

Districts.	No. Members.	No. Reports Returned.	No. Members Added.	No. Families Visited.	No. Letters Written.	No. Signs taken in Clubs.	Subscribers obtained for Periodicals.	Pages of Tracts and Pamphlets distributed.	Periodicals Distributed.	Annals sold and given away.	Cash recd on Tract Fund and Periodicals.
1	41	31	...	25	16	18	67	8073	540	...	\$67 54
2	34	19	26	43	8719	501	36	35 73
3	55	36	6	60	45	...	42	17467	760	...	29 29
4	43	30	...	15	38	...	5	16270	316	...	24 48
5	10	5	24	2615	126
	183	121	11	100	107	44	*181	53144	2343	36	\$157 04

* REVIEW, 89; Signs, 33; Good Health, 15; Instructor, 63; other periodicals, 31.

S. H. LANE, Pres.

VICTOR THOMPSON, Sec. pro tem.

SAVE YOUR PAPERS.

ONE frosty winter evening I sat alone in my apartments, reading. Lost in a pleasant book, I at first failed to hear the hesitating little knock at my door which had to be repeated before I called out,—

"Come in!"

In answer to my summons, in walked my good washerwoman, Margaret. In her arms she carried a large bundle of clothes, fresh from the laundry. Close at her heels, came her five-year-old little girl, Katie, as pretty and rosy-faced a little body as one need see. She, too, carried a little bundle of carefully ironed pieces; but it was a very tiny one, suited to her size.

"Good evening, ma'am," said Margaret, quietly laying down her heavy load.

"Good evening, Margaret," I responded; "how are you to-night? and how is Katie," I inquired, turning to the child, "and what has she got here?"

Katie replied to my inquiry by placing her bundle on the chair nearest to her, with an important little manner that seemed to say, in the words of the old nursery rhyme, a little changed,—

"What a big girl am I!"

I suppose she felt glad and proud, and quite a little woman, to be of some assistance.

While Margaret and myself sorted and distributed the various articles she had brought home, Katie sat perched upon a high chair, looking as demure as a little mouse; but the blue eyes kept busily glancing around the room all the while, and I needed no prophet's ken to know what she was thinking about. Heretofore, I had always managed to have an apple, an orange, or some such goodie, to present Katie with before leaving; but to-night my larder was empty. I could not even give her "a penny for her thoughts," for my purse was empty too, of all save greenbacks.

What was to be done? I could not bear to have the blue eyes search in vain. Fortunately, at this stage of the dilemma, my eyes chanced to light upon some picture-papers. They were all Sunday-school papers; some published by the Tract Society, and some not; but all having this one merit,—they had a picture, large or small on the first page.

Hastily gathering them together, I handed them to the child, saying,—

"Here, Katie, are some pretty pictures for you to look at!"

How the blue eyes danced with delight, and how they devoured the most prominent engraving of them all,—a child playing with a kitten; representing the little girl, with the best of intentions, hugging the miserable creature to death.

Little Katie was pleased with the pictures, but her mother was doubly pleased with the papers. Indeed, the good woman's expressions of gratitude for so simple a gift, would have appeared quite ridiculous in my eyes if she had not explained herself by saying,—

"There is such good reading in 'em, ma'am! leastways, all that I've ever seen; and it is such a comfort, just to look 'em over evenings when I've done up all the work, and Katie is fast asleep. All the next day, I think over the good things they say; and it keeps me kind of cheery like, over the washing and ironing. Then there are such nice stories in 'em, and pictures for Katie!"

After that evening's conversation with Margaret, I

conscientiously put by every religious paper that came in my way, and even some that were not strictly so, providing they had a good moral tendency, and handed them to Margaret when she brought home my week's washing. The picture papers I almost always handed to Katie; and they never failed to bring a happy smile. Although I still continued my donations of cakes, candies, etc., I am satisfied the papers gave her the most pleasure.

Of the pleasure and benefit derived from this source, I will let Margaret give an account in her own way:—

"You see, ma'am, when it comes Sunday, I try real hard to go to church, but I can't always make it out. By the time the room is all reddeed up, and Katie and I dressed, it's past 'leven o'clock; then the dinner's got to be seen to—growing children must have something nourishing, you see. Well, such days the papers come in real nice. I'll tell you how I manage it, ma'am. While I am waiting for the praties to boil, I take Katie on my lap, and we look them over together. I know when I see a nice short piece in any of 'em, with plenty of 'says I' and 'says she' in it, I know that piece will suit Katie.

"Sometimes I have to spell it out a little; but with the help of the pictures we get at the stories, Katie and I. Why! some of that reading, ma'am, is just like the Bible,—all about the Good Shepherd and his little lambs. Katie, she listens to it better than any sermon.

"Week-days, I take all the papers and sew them into books; and Katie do n't tease about at all when I give her those books. She just sits down on the floor as contented as you please, and looks 'em over and over, and tells herself all the stories, just as I told 'em to her.

"Why! would you b'lieve it, ma'am, at night, when she goes to bed, and says her prayers, she prays God to bless them papers? 'Tan't much of a sin, do you think it is, ma'am, for her to ask God to bless those dumb things?"

"No, indeed, Margaret," I replied; "let the dear child continue to pray God to bless those papers!"

Readers, old and young, have you no Margaret or Mary among your poor friends,—none whom the pleasant paper you are reading now would please and benefit, or others like it? Send them to institutions, to mission schools! Give them to street children! But save your papers.—Lindell Brooks.

SPECIAL MENTION.

RENOUNCES ROME.

THE following letter speaks for itself:—

ST. ANNE, KANKAKEE CO., ILL. }
March 14, 1881. }

To the Rt. Rev. Purcell, Archbishop of Cincinnati:—

MY LORD,—You know that I was born at Calvello in Italy, and that I was ordained a priest of Rome at Diano, province of Salerno, by Bishop D. Fanelli. After five years of priesthood, I had seen so many scandals, and such a want of religion in the secular clergy, that I thought there was no way to be saved except by becoming a monk; and I entered the order of the Franciscans. But I found that through the whole kingdom of Italy the Franciscans were as corrupt and devoid of religious faith as the rest of the priests. Their vow of celibacy was only a mask to conceal the most unspeakable corruption, and their vow of poverty was only to become the richest men of Italy. I left them in 1875 to come to America.

But here I have seen again that the same immorality, corruption, drunkenness, ignorance, and infidelity are reigning supremely everywhere, among the high and low clergy, under the gilded mask of the bastard Christianity of Rome.

In a word, I have seen with my own eyes that the Christianity of Rome, both in Europe and America, is a deception, a fraud. The millions of dollars which yourself, the Bishop of St. Louis, and many other bishops on this continent, have extorted from poor dupes, and engulfed to build your princely palaces, and to enable you to drink your costly French and Italian wines and brandies, have perfectly shown to me that the Church of Rome is only a caricature of the religion of the humble Jesus of Nazareth. I then went in search of that divine religion which the Son of God has brought to save this perishing world. I have, by the mercy of God, found it among those humble and devoted men called Protestant ministers, whom I had been taught to despise as heretics.

As it would take too long to name them all, I will tell you that when I have compared the words and

deeds of the Revs. John Reids and D. Finks, of Colorado; Rev. Dr. Joyce of Cincinnati, and Father Chiniquy, of St. Anne, Illinois, with the words and deeds of the priests and bishop of Rome, I have felt and understood that my only chance of salvation was in uniting myself "corde et animo" to those humble and devoted disciples of the gospel, to serve my God in spirit and in truth, through Jesus Christ, with them.

It is particularly during the happy days of prayer, meditation, and study I have spent in the "Converted Priests' Home," where Father Chiniquy is giving me such a Christian hospitality, that I have seen that your transubstantiation, immaculate conception, purgatory, infallibility of the pope, auricular confession, indulgences, and worship of Mary, are blasphemous and idolatrous doctrines.

May God grant that your lordship, with all the priests of Rome, may receive the light which my merciful God has given me; and that you may have the grace to give up the errors of popery, as I am just doing to-day, in order to put your hope of salvation only in Christ and him crucified. For there is only one name, the name of Jesus, through which man can be saved; there is only one sacrifice, the sacrifice of Calvary, which has been offered once for all, to redeem the world; there is only one stone, one rock to serve as the corner-stone, the foundation of the church; that stone or rock is not Peter, but Christ.

Yours truly, F. E. DE CALVELLO.

P. S. I respectfully ask the Christian papers of the United States to reproduce this letter, in order that the disciples of Jesus everywhere may pray for me.

F. E. C.

IMPORTANT DISCOVERIES IN EGYPTIAN PYRAMIDS.

M. MASPERO has just opened some more pyramids at Sakhara, inclosing the tombs of kings of the fifth dynasty. The mortuary chapels of each contain about eighty square meters of the smallest and most closely written texts, giving precise details of the religious belief of that age. It is a complete coup de grace to Osiris. The Masonic theory and all previous conceptions are entirely upset. Except the finding of the Rosetta stone in 1799, no discovery in Egypt equals this in scientific value. The entrance passage is difficult and dangerous on account of the loose blocks that encumber it. Maspero returns to Paris next month, and will publish the discovered texts. All the Sakhara pyramids, about sixty in number, will be opened as soon as possible.

—A German traveler just returned from an extensive tour among the Buddhist temples of Japan, is quite surprised to find a wonderful similarity between the Japanese Bonzes and the Catholic prelates of his fatherland. These Japanese priests understand perfectly the whole system of pious pilgrimages and the trade in indulgences. The credulous pilgrim can find at certain shrines not only holy water, but also protection from the devil and the small-pox, and all the list of fatal diseases. These safeguards are sold at all rates, from twenty-five cents up, according to the magnitude of the evil. They are cards of different sizes and colors, according to their special application. The learned German professor bought one at a Shinto temple that promised a flourishing and lasting business as the result of praying two nights and three days. When the applicant appears, an assortment is spread out on a table before him, and he pays his money and takes his choice. But the wonder to the German is the strange phenomenon of the human mind that would produce the same state of things in so widely separated lands. To us the solution is not so difficult when we recollect that, centuries ago, the Jesuits made their way to Japan, as to all the islands of the Eastern seas. They settled there, and soon began to practice their usual arts in order to gain power. After a while the disgusted Japs drove them out, and swore eternal hatred to such Christianity, but the priests kept up the tricks of the trade learned from their visitors.—Christian Advocate.

—A hog, an abomination to a Mohammedan, walked into the open door of a mosque one day, and ran all about the building before he could be driven out. The temple was horribly defiled, to the minds of the faithful. What could be done? The priest explained that the mosque was so holy that the hog became a lamb all the time he was in, but a hog again when he went out. This theory satisfied all. Those priests are about as ingenious as some of our modern preachers, who think the lottery business is all right in a church house, but a terrible sin in any other house.

General Selections.

QUIET FORCE.

MEN who are "born leaders" do not make any unnecessary noise in the world. They have no occasion to exact obedience from subordinates, for no one ever thinks of disobeying them; while those who do not possess the faculty only display their weakness in their efforts to appear important and impressive. The story is told of a man who had a large number of pigs in a pen near his house, and made it his practice to go out every evening and "stir them up" with a club, to the great annoyance of the pigs and the disturbance of the neighbors. When asked his reason for this absurd and useless conduct he answered that he wanted them to know that he was boss. There are too many men in every community whose idea of executive ability is exactly on a par with this. They bluster and splurge and "stir things up" generally, convinced that such foolish parade of authority will convince those unfortunate enough to be under them that they are boss, whereas the fact is that it serves to convince all that they are fools. And the time comes at length when those who are over them find it out, and they are dropped. The quiet way is the best after all.—*Selected.*

WHERE DOES THE DAY BEGIN?

As a matter of fact, the day begins all around the world—not at the same instant of time, but just as the sun visits successive portions of the earth in his journey from east to west. But the traveler who crosses the Pacific Ocean can give another answer to the above question, that on the 180th degree of longitude—one-half of the circumference of the globe, starting from Greenwich east or west—there is an arbitrary change, or dropping of a day, and that at this point, if anywhere, the day may be said to begin. It was with strange feelings that the writer, crossing the Pacific, having gone to bed on Saturday night, leaving everything pertaining to the almanac in satisfactory condition, awoke on Monday morning! Sunday had completely dropped from our calendar, for that week at least. Every one knows that in traveling around the world from east to west a day is lost, and in order to adjust his reckoning to that of the place he has left, one must drop a day as though he had not lived it, when in reality the time has passed by lengthening every day during the journey. For a long time it was the custom for the sailors to effect this change pretty much where they pleased; but it has now become a settled rule among American and English navigators that at the 180th degree a day must be passed over if going west, and one added if going east, in which latter case the traveler enjoys two Sundays or two Thursdays, as the case may be. It is most likely that this particular degree was decided on from the fact that, except a few scattered islands of Polynesia, there are no large communities, with their vast commercial and social transactions, to be affected by the change.—*Watertown Reformer.*

THE WAY TO HEALTH.

THE only true way to health is that which common sense dictates to man. Live within the bounds of reason. Eat moderately, drink temperately, sleep regularly, avoid excess in anything, and preserve a conscience "void of offense." Some men eat themselves to death, some drink themselves to death, some wear out their lives by indolence, and some by over-exertion; others are killed by the doctors, while not a few sink into the grave under the effects of vicious and beastly practices. All the medicines in creation are not worth a farthing to a man who is constantly and habitually violating the laws of his own nature. All the medical science in the world cannot save him from a premature grave. With a suicidal course of conduct, he is planting the seeds of decay in his own constitution, and accelerating the destruction of his own life.—*Scientific American.*

—"Let us lay aside every weight, and the sin that doth so easily beset us." (Heb. 12:1.) A pebble carried on the shoulder will have no weight to impede the racer as he hastens to the goal. But let that pebble be put into his shoe, and it will very quickly bring him to a stand. And a sin may not be very heavy in the life, but let its weight once come upon a tender conscience, and who can bear it?

Notes of News.

—Locusts have devoured the rice and corn crops of Bolivia.

—There were 984 deaths in Chicago during the month of April.

—A movement is on foot for the confederation of all the Spanish-American republics.

—During the last five years, Minnesota has spent \$4,500 to encourage tree-planting.

—The Porte has formally accepted the proposed solution of the Greek frontier question.

—The east and west-bound stages were recently robbed by highwaymen near Tabinal, Texas.

—The recent municipal elections in Spain have resulted favorably for the new liberal ministry.

—It is said that Queen Victoria is the richest woman in Europe, as well as the best-paid monarch.

—A tract of 138,000 acres of land has been bought in Barry Co., Mo., for the use of a colony of Scots.

—The greater part of Krasnoyarsk, the town of Siberia which is second in importance, has been destroyed by fire.

—It appears from the quarterly report of the Bureau of Statistics that 593,703 immigrants came to this country in 1880.

—It is said that about five hundred employes of the Census Bureau will be dismissed before the end of the fiscal year.

—April 30, the Albanians were defeated in a bloody engagement with the Turks. The combined loss in killed and wounded was 1,800.

—In 1847 the number of divorces in Holland, Belgium, and France was three for every 327,439 people; in 1880 it was three for every 84,206.

—A subscription has been opened in London to raise \$25,000 to complete and beautify Hughenden church, as a memorial to Lord Beaconsfield.

—A girl named Lizzie Devine, while performing in a circus at Wilkesbarre, Pa., fell upon the netting, and so injured her spine that her recovery is doubtful.

—The crop prospect in Northern Dakota and the Red River Valley is said to be very encouraging. The largest crop ever sown in the new Northwest is going in.

—There were 6,802 deaths in New York city during the first three months of 1880; during the first three months of 1881, this number was increased to 9,105.

—The attendance on the schools of the Japanese empire is now 35,000,000, the males unduly preponderating. The average teacher receives less than \$25 per year.

—Two hundred persons were injured in riots against the Jews at Elizabethgrad, Russia. The government is taking active measures to protect its Hebrew citizens.

—Last week we stated that three persons perished in the fire that destroyed Buena Ventura; but later advices say that seven bodies have been recovered from the ruins.

—A British war sloop, the Doterel, was blown up on the 26th of April in the Straits of Magellan. There were 156 officers and men on board, of whom only eleven were saved.

—The New York Legislature did a very sensible thing when it modified its church-property law so as to render liable to taxation those houses of worship where entertainments are held to which an admission fee is charged.

—At the late Mormon conference, about one hundred missionaries were set apart for work in the United States and Europe. Twenty-five of these are to be sent to Arizona, as the Mormons are determined to obtain political control in this territory.

—The Commissioner of Agriculture has leased two hundred acres of land near Charleston, S. C., for a term of twenty years, for a tea farm. About 17,500 tea-plants will be set out this spring, and the Commissioner is confident that in three years he will have a fine crop.

—The preliminary inquiry into the death of the late Sultan Abdul Aziz has been concluded, and twenty persons stand committed for trial for complicity in the murder. Ex-Sultan Murad and several other prominent Turks are believed to be implicated.

—It seems that the halcyon days of political liberty have not yet dawned in Russia. The number of offenders awaiting deportation to Siberia is 12,200. This dreary journey will commence on the 10th inst. The implacable enemies of the government are as busy as ever. The social and political atmosphere of St. Petersburg is growing thicker and thicker, and is fraught with omens of another approaching storm. Private letters describe the city as like a gloomy prison-house, where little is heard of the outside world, and everybody lives in constant suspense.

—A conference of the European nations has been proposed, for the purpose of devising a more stringent mode of dealing with political conspirators. The *London Daily News* says England "will certainly not participate in any conference designed to shield unpopular governments from the consequences of their unpopularity." France refuses to join the conference; yet by ordering the expulsion of eleven foreigners known to be in direct communication with the Nihilists in Switzerland, she indicates an unwillingness to harbor fomenters of political disturbance.

—The condition of affairs in Ireland is said to be worse than ever. A boy named Farrell has been shot in Dublin for giving information that led to the discovery of concealed arms. The *Irish Times* regards this as proof that a spirit of dangerous lawlessness lurks in Dublin, apparently under the management of some secret influence. Bands of armed men roam through the country in the west part of Ireland, and terrorize the inhabitants unchecked. Dublin, Cork, Kilkenny, and portions of Kings and Queens counties have been proclaimed under the arms act. Dillon has been arrested for seditious speeches.

—The progress of the French troops in Tunis has caused a great deal of excitement. They have subdued, or rather awed, the native tribes as they have advanced, and have destroyed and confiscated property. But danger threatens them should they proceed. It is rumored that the principal Arab theological institute of Tunis has resolved to unfurl the standard of the Prophet, and proclaim a holy war against the French and other infidels. There are also threats of an uprising in Algeria. France has semi-officially intimated that the Tunis affair will be settled speedily, as she is anxious to avoid further complications.

—According to the Paris papers, an epidemic of crime is raging in the French capital, the severity of which is without parallel in any city of Europe. It is estimated by persons who have had access to criminal statistics that between 70,000 and 80,000 professional law-breakers are now at liberty within the city limits. While the number of resident criminals has largely increased of late years, their average age has diminished, and it is youthful desperadoes under twenty years of age who are now rendering the gay capital the most dangerous place of residence in the civilized world. The standard of public opinion in respect to certain matters which in this country are considered the very essence of morality, is notoriously low in Paris, and many good people will maintain that the French capital is now reaping the inevitable harvest of seed deliberately sown.

Obituary Notices.

"Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth." Rev. 14: 13

EMERSON.—Died of membranous croup, at Big Timber, Smith Co., Kan., Feb. 19, 1881, Ellie Ethel, daughter of Bently and Nancy Emerson, aged 2 years and 29 days. The bereaved parents find comfort in Jer. 31: 15-17. Funeral discourse by the writer, from Rom. 8: 28.

J. H. COOK.

BROMLEY.—died in Avon, Mich., March 21, 1881, Sybil Bromley, aged 74 years. Sister Bromley came to this State with her parents in 1831, and was married in 1833. She lived in this place forty-eight years, and won the respect and affection of her neighbors; while in her family relations she was a dutiful wife and an affectionate mother. About twelve years ago, she embraced present truth, and united with the Oakland church. To the day of her peaceful death, she maintained a Christian walk and her fellowship with the church. A husband and six children mourn their loss. The funeral services were attended by the writer.

R. J. LAWRENCE.

HAYWARD.—Died in East Swazey, N. H., April 24, 1881, after a severe sickness of twenty weeks, my husband, Thomas P. Hayward, in the eightieth year of his age. He departed this life as he had lived,—without hope and without God in the world. He was unable on his death-bed to make the preparation which he had so long neglected. This is very painful for me to bear, but I have ever found God's grace sufficient. I still believe in him and trust him for his grace. Behind a frowning providence he shows a smiling face.

MRS. MARIA A. HAYWARD.

SERVOSS.—Died of a complication of diseases, April 10, 1881, in Chippewa, Isabella Co., Mich., Philip Servoss, aged 63 years. Bro. S. embraced the truth under the labors of Eld. L. A. Kellogg four years since. He leaves a wife and six children. In his death, this church has lost a faithful member, and his family an affectionate husband and father. During his last sickness he looked forward to the resurrection as the "blessed hope." By his request, we spoke from the words of Job 14: 14, 15, to a large congregation.

A. O. BURRILL.

EGGLESTON.—Died of heart disease, at Lancaster, N. Y., April 17, 1881, May Louise, eldest daughter of W. H. and J. Eggleston, in the twenty-third year of her age. The disease which terminated her life had had a hold upon her for years, depriving her of many of the privileges that others of her age enjoy; and in the quiet of home she ripened into a full and sweet womanliness of character and a maturity of judgment and thoughtfulness which come to most only through a longer experience in life, making the loss more deeply felt. She had been a member of the Lancaster church for several years, and the unobtrusive earnestness of her daily life bore evidence to the sincerity of her profession.

Through all the last weary months of suffering, at times most intense, Christian faith sustained her, and the same cheerful patience that had characterized her experience was manifest to its close. She was fully aware how her disease would end, and carefully sought to make sure the foundations of her faith. She will be greatly missed by all who knew her, and especially in the home circle, where the memory of her life and influence will linger as a sweet fragrance. The blow is a severe one to the family, but they mourn not without hope.

The attendance at the funeral was very large; scores could not enter the house. Remarks from 1 Thess. 4: 13-18.

B. L. WHITNEY.

